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The Missionary Without a Dogma

WHEN Lytton Strachey appeared before the Conscientious Objector's Tribunal, and was asked the classic question – 'What would you do if you saw a German soldier raping your sister?' – he is said to have replied: 'I would endeavour to interpose myself between them'. His reply raised bitter laughs in the trenches, but in fact it contained the germ of an extremely sensible idea, an idea which the age of nuclear devastation has rendered crucial. Ever since the Cold War froze the world in the late Forties, men of good-will have searched for a physical grouping of states which could act as some kind of barrier against the clash of the two committed power-blocs. The concept was christened the Third Force, and men as diverse as Tito, Nenni, Aneurin Bevan and Nehru worked to transform it into reality.

They failed. For the one major power which was prepared to embrace the idea – India – lacked the physical means to make it effective, while the power which could have supplied these means – Britain – has remained obstinately committed to one of the rival blocs. Yet, curiously enough, the embryo of a Third Force has existed all the time: the United Nations. And today – thanks, ironically, to the tragic chaos in the Congo – its true role is at last emerging.

The UN was created to be the symbol and instrument of great-power unanimity, expressed through the Security Council. As such, it could not function in the Cold War. Instead, by a series of fortunate precedents, it has become the instrument of the desire of the small powers – who by sheer numbers now control the General Assembly – not only to avoid commitment to the two major blocs, but to prevent them from coming into contact in sensitive areas.

Suez gave the UN its first opportunity. There, despite a great deal of ridicule and disbelief, a force provided by the smaller nations interposed itself between the rival antagonisms of the great powers and succeeded in stabilising a situation which might well have led to world war. This force is still in being, and despite its extremely limited powers it has succeeded for nearly four years in preventing a major Arab-Israeli clash.

In the Middle East, the UN role is purely negative. It is not empowered to take any constructive steps to resolve the tensions which make its presence necessary. But in the Congo there is a real chance that the UN will be able to go a stage further. Not only must it maintain order, and by doing so prevent the entry of either or both of the two power-blocs; it must also run the country.

In fact, the agony of the Congo has provided the UN with a first-rate opportunity to provide something which no colonial power, no matter how high-minded, has succeeded in creating: a genuinely disinterested paternalism. The under-developed areas are universally and desperately in need of help from the advanced countries, not only in money and machines but, even more important, in doctors, engineers, scientists and teachers. Until now, they have been forced to turn either to the West – whose technicians were tainted with the stigma of colonialism – or to Russia – whose help can only be obtained at an unknown political price.

Now the UN offers a third and acceptable choice. The coloured races who look with suspicion on a British, American or Russian expert are willing to accept a Swede or an Irishman with UN credentials. For the UN, they are beginning to understand, is not interested in bases or raw materials. It actually practises what all the colonial powers, old and new, have always preached. It is the missionary without a dogma. Nor is this the only virtue of the UN's new role. By conferring new and important responsibilities on the Afro-Asian powers it accelerates their own progress to maturity. Indeed, provided world opinion recognises the significance of the UN's work in the Congo, and gives Mr Hammarskjold the backing which he so desperately needs, we may perhaps one day see Congolese soldiers and technicians taking part in a rescue operation.

Comments on the Week's News

Tibet

Brain-washing Buddhism

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* The Chinese have never made any secret about their views on religion. 'Counter-revolutionary plots under the cloak of religion' were the excuse for the particularly ruthless suppression of the *Imams* in the province of Tsinghai in 1958, and the stories told to the Legal Inquiry Committee of the International Commission of Jurists, whose report on Tibet is now published, conform to a familiar pattern. The statements quoted from Chinese sources are alone sufficient to prove that the Chinese mean to destroy Buddhism. 'The viewpoints of the lamas are different from Socialist thinking', a forum of lamas in Inner Mongolia was told in 1958; 'they must accept Socialist transformation and rid themselves of non-Socialist thinking'. The Mahayana form of Buddhism practised in Tibet has many erotic features, and lamas have claimed supernatural powers. Humiliation of the lamas was therefore a special feature of Chinese official efforts to eradicate transcendental beliefs and substitute a Marxist and scientific philosophy. Again, even more than in the monasteries of Tsarist Russia, the most obvious wealth of any village would be in the lamasery, in masses of golden images of Buddhist dieties, in the rows of butter-lamps and utensils of brass and copper. Refugees gave evidence to the committee of lamaseries where images and scriptures were thrown away, and people told not to use butter-lamps because they were a waste of food. Many lamas – and about one in ten of the male population consisted of lamas – had been forced to work, and many humiliated by being called upon in public to rescue themselves by performing superhuman feats.

Giving evidence before the committee in Mussoorie last November, the Dalai Lama was asked about the Chinese Buddhist Association which is now opening branches in Tibet. He described it as 'nothing else but a Communist front'. In this he was no doubt justified. Buddhist observance will be permitted, as the Orthodox Church is accepted in Moscow, as part of the Establishment, when all 'obnoxious' features of Mahayana Buddhism have been eliminated and a suitable number of Marxist slogans added.

The Committee did not consider they had 'sufficient proof of the destruction of Tibetans as a race'. Certainly some of the evidence they publish makes odd reading; the statements of refugees are not always to be accepted at face value. There are, for example, stories purporting to prove the Chinese have carried out large-scale sterilisation. Peasants, who have never seen an injection needle, told fantastic stories of treatment which they believed to be sterilisation, but which might just as easily have been part of the Chinese effort to deal with venereal and other diseases. 'Searching clinical investigation of Tibetans who claimed to have been sterilised produced no proof that this had been done'. Similarly the committee was not carried away by stories of rape, which invariably lend themselves to embroidery in the telling.

Evidence is produced to show that the Chinese 'have forcibly transferred large numbers of Tibetan children to a Chinese materialist environment in order to prevent them from having a religious up-bringing'. The committee also deals with the loss of Tibet's *de facto* independence and the loss of civil rights under Communism. They fail, however, to discuss the increasing emigration of Chinese to Tibet, which in a few years time will make the country a Chinese colony.

Nyasaland

The New Deal

Our Commonwealth correspondent writes: The complete contrast between the present Colonial Secretary's relations with Dr Banda and those of his predecessor, Mr Lennox-Boyd, a year ago, is ample evidence of the radical change which has taken place in government policy towards Nyasaland since the general election. Mr Macleod has achieved a remarkable success, not so much in offering a reasonable constitution for Nyasaland, as in securing agreement on it between the contending parties. He inherited a most disastrous situation, arising both from the emergency of last year, which caused the death of 50 Africans, and from his predecessor's cavalier rejection of those parts of the Devlin Report which were inconvenient to his policy. When the Lancaster House conference opened, Dr Banda was demanding a Legislative Council of 55 members, 46 of whom were to be Africans elected by universal suffrage, and an Executive Council, all but three of whose members were to be drawn from the elected members. He has now agreed to a Legislative Council of only 33, of whom 28 will be elected – but eight of these on qualifications which will virtually ensure that they will be non-Africans. There are to be two electoral rolls, both of them with a qualified franchise; and in the Executive Council only half of the ten members will be elected – probably three Africans and two Europeans. To obtain Dr Banda's agreement to these substantial concessions Mr Macleod has had to draw heavily on the reasonableness and trust of the African leader. On the other side, Mr Dixon, of Sir Roy Welensky's United Federal Party, came to London with the intention of trying to block any substantial African control. The assured preponderance of Africans in the Legislative Council measures his relative failure to do this. Yet he too has accepted the new constitution and promised to co-operate in working it. It would be idle to pretend that no dangers emerge from the Lancaster House agreement. The white settlers in Nyasaland are so few that, once their bluff is called, they are shown to be politically impotent. The real danger, however, comes from within the African community. Dr Banda may be hard put to it to convince his younger followers that he has not betrayed their determination to get quick control of the government and to declare independence. The testing point is likely to be the time taken to organise the elections. It is now essential that the Nyasaland administration should be awakened from its lengthy slumbers to provide the electoral machinery very quickly. Africans will legitimately demand that these elections be completed before the Federal Review Conference, which is now forecast for next February.

Paris

The Press in Peril

Our Paris Correspondent writes: 'What other country would tolerate such papers as *L'Express*, *France-Observateur*, the *Canard Enchaîné* or *l'Humanité*, which systematically denigrate the work of the government?' The only possible answer to M. Michel Debré's fatuous question was probably the one supplied by the *Canard* itself: 'What other country would tolerate M. Michel Debré as prime minister?' But in fact Debré was talking quite seriously, and it can now be seen he genuinely regards an opposition press as an anomaly, undermining the prestige of Gaullist France. This is the conclusion people here are drawing from the news that the press laws are to be tightened up. The way Debré has set about doing this is itself characteristic. A so-called commission of 'experts' was set up in complete secrecy to re-write the press law, and neither the various journalists' unions nor representatives of the editors and managements were invited to appear before it. The most they got was a promise from the Minister of Justice that they would be consulted 'before the draft becomes law'.

The provisions of the new law are frightening. It contains special provisions 'to protect army morale'. They are couched in such vague phrases as to make it possible for the government to confiscate an issue of any paper which criticises the Algerian war. In addition, 'the publication of false news' becomes a serious offence, which can also involve confiscation. The courts will no longer be asked to decide, as at present, whether an item was published in good faith, based on a source believed by the editor to be reliable, but simply upon its accuracy – which will, of course, be defined by the government. In view of the secrecy in which the régime conducts its affairs, and the absence of genuine debates in the Assembly, it is difficult to see how newspapers will be able to guarantee the accuracy of their political reporting. To be sure, the new draft contains some points in favour of the press. In the event of a confiscation's not being upheld by the courts, newspapers will be entitled to claim damages (at present the most they can obtain is restitution of the confiscated copies). In theory this is a big improvement; but French courts are traditionally so unwilling to punish administrative abuse by the government that the protection this clause provides is unlikely to be substantial. Despite it, therefore, the entire French press, from *Le Figaro* to *l'Humanité*, has unanimously expressed its deep concern about the effects of the new law.

It might well be asked why Debré should go to such a lot of trouble to bring the French press to heel. The vast majority of it is already slavishly Gaullist, and the few which criticise the régime do so in carefully muted language; even the articles criticising the new press law were prudent in tone. The General himself is already protected by a special law which, since the Cabinet is his instrument, can be used to cover the activities of the government, too. In short, if the government uses its existing powers to the full, it has the press bound hand and foot. What then is the point of buttressing them with a further law which world opinion will certainly regard as proof that the freedom of expression no longer exists in France?

Moscow

Brigandish Provocations

A Student of Soviet Affairs writes: Rarely has the Soviet press been so reiterative in its propaganda as in its handling of the Congo crisis. Not a cloud of doubt has been allowed to obscure the harsh Marxist light that has been falling on the African scene, not a jot of sympathy has been found for Mr Hammarskjold on his delicate mission, and no Soviet commentator has seen in the international police force the promising organ of supranational authority that many in the West have done.

The recent leading article in *Pravda* entitled the 'Collapse of the Colonial System in Africa' was the most downright denunciation of the Nato powers for pursuing a policy of neo-colonialist expansion in Africa that has been published since the hardening of Moscow's line. And the Congo provided the all-but-perfect illustration of the doctrine. Intervention in the Congo, *Pravda* wrote three weeks ago, was more than just another brazen-faced imperialist plot against a sovereign republic. It was a planned, detailed, 'brigandish provocation' by the colonial powers against security and world peace. Other papers, too, placed events in the Congo in an international context, considering it inconceivable, as did Mr Krushchev in his reply to Mr Macmillan's rejection of the charge of colonialism, that Belgium could have acted or have dared to act as she did without Nato approval, if not encouragement. Thus *Izvestia* last week declared that the Congo events confirmed that all the talk in Washington and among America's Nato partners on aid to under-developed countries was not worth a brass farthing. It was against this background of doctrinaire interpretation that the Soviet government declared its lack of confidence in the command and composition of the UN forces in the Congo and bared another fang with its menace of resorting to 'decisive measures'. Observers here were surprised by the particular virulence of the attacks on Mr Hammerskjold. Ten days ago his role was still a 'tragic' one. By last weekend he was being described bluntly as 'pro-American'. At the time of writing it is difficult to guess what awaits him next. An 'agent of imperialism'?

It is perhaps worth while to consider what, on the face of it, looks like a brazen bid to be the champion of African rights against the latest developments in Sino-Soviet relations. Reports from Moscow indicate that the Russians attending the Peking meeting of the WFTU were shocked and dismayed by the strong support given by Asian, African and Latin-American delegates to the tough Chinese anti-imperialist line.

Cold War

August Storm-clouds

A Diplomatic Correspondent writes: The diplomatic front is as unsettled, and as threatening, as the weather, and it does not look as if the world's leading statesmen are likely to get much respite this month. Mr Krushchev's reply to the Macmillan appeal, and still more the harsh commentaries which have since appeared in the Moscow press, makes it plain that the era when Moscow was prepared to use Britain as an honest broker is, for the moment, over. With the West's divisions thus, willy-nilly, pushed into the background, the meeting between Macmillan and Adenauer becomes a logical sequel, and it should be seen more as a Cold War ploy than as yet another attempt to resolve Britain's differences with the Six.

What Macmillan and Adenauer are principally concerned with are (1) the danger of a paralysis of leadership in Washington during the presidential campaign, and (2) de Gaulle's claims to speak on behalf of Europe in negotiations with the East. The two are connected, for de Gaulle is quite capable of exploiting the United States' disarray by opening up a private line to Moscow (particularly since the French now fear that Krushchev is no longer willing to keep his nose out of Algeria). Adenauer's idea is to set up a European political triumvirate, a concept which Britain (relying on her increasingly mythical 'special relation' with the US) has hitherto flatly refused to entertain. But Adenauer believes he can now make the proposal sufficiently attractive by arranging – as part of a package deal – economic links between the Six and Seven on terms which Britain cannot afford to reject.

But it looks increasingly likely that the assumption on which the meeting is based – that Washington will play an ineffectual part in the Cold War during the next few months – is unfounded. On the contrary, both candidates are now trying to outbid each other in calls for increased defence spending and the penny has even dropped in the White House itself. This week the President reluctantly laid before Congress a hodge-podge of additional defence projects: more aircraft carriers for Sixth and Seventh Fleets, more Polaris submarines and missiles, the go-ahead for the Mach-3 B-70 bomber (which he had shelved last year), more money for SAC's standing alert, and increases over a wide-range of conventional arms. This move is likely to sharpen Mr. Krushchev's tone in international dealings. It looks as if 'standing up to Russia' rather than 'peace in our time' will be the keynote of the US elections.

The Labour Party

Into the Sixties

A Political Correspondent writes: After ten post-election months which the locusts of strife and a kind of death-wish have half-eaten, the Labour party has this week produced a statement of aims and strategy which suggests that it may be moving back into the mainstream. The new document *Labour in the Sixties* has been prepared by Mr Morgan Phillips, who reveals in its 24 pages not merely the statesmanship now commonly associated with him, but an unsuspected elegance of phrase. The party's sins are frankly confessed; and Mr Phillips enlarges on methods for repairing the obvious sins of omission and commission. Young people must be given more say in the party's affairs; women – society's consumers – must be attracted; the 'white-collar' workers – the new men – must be shown a way out of political isolation. As old loyalties based on unemployment and poverty disintegrate, the political education of the public must be intensified. There will never be a Socialist society unless we create more trained Socialists to fight for it. To this end some of 'the tedious, humdrum and routine activities of party work must be cut down'. All this will require more money, and 1961 is to see the biggest recruiting drive in the party's history. What message will the recruiters offer as they proselytise in the modern idiom from their spruced-up offices?

'When our opponents claim that Socialism is outdated and must be scrapped, they are flying in the face of the facts. On the contrary, our Socialist beliefs will be vindicated in the 1960s as it is ever more clearly seen that the new post-war capitalism is creating its own insuperable problems, and that, in the epoch of scientific revolution, democracy, if it is to survive, must plan its resources for the common good.'

There is one curious feature about this pamphlet. The National Executive simply 'commends' it to the annual conference in October, so that it cannot be regarded as an official statement of policy. Why should this be? Could it be that objection is taken to that paragraph which criticises the deficiencies of the 1959 programme – 'Only when the British people see a clear difference of principle dividing Tories from Labour will they lose their reluctance to vote for a change'? Or that paragraph, particularly damaging to the Jay-Crosland axis, which contrasts the fierce debates of the past with those of the post-election period? In the old days, writes Mr Phillips, the arguments were about the pace of our advance towards a Socialist society. 'What has distinguished our recent debates, however, is a widespread belief that disagreements are not now about pace but about direction'. Since the direction of *Labour in the Sixties* is towards Socialism and since the executive has foolishly withheld its full imprimatur but instead seeks approval for 'action points', isn't it storing up trouble for itself when policy is formulated? Launching a pamphlet aimed at promoting unity which lacks unity in the launching promises a bumpy voyage. Difficulties should have been ironed out before publication. Mr Gaitskell might have seen that he is one of the hostages it offers to fortune.

Fleet Street

Beaver Rides Again

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* 'It is a monstrous distortion of the role which the United Nations was meant to fill. It is an act of brigandage and oppression cloaked by sanctimoniousness' . . . 'Of course UN forces are right in principle to move into Katanga and so bring the whole of the Congo under Mr Hammarskjold's wing'. Pay 2½d and take your pick – the *Daily Express* or the *News Chronicle*. The division expressed in these two quotations has, of course, in some degree run all through the press. But, except possibly for the *Daily Worker* at the other extreme, no newspaper but the *Express* has considered the situation in the Congo as one to be met mainly by violent invective and the sort of adjectives normally reserved by the editors of mass Sunday papers for convicted criminals whose confessions have been secured by a rival paper. Lord Beaverbrook, as is well known, does not approve of the United Nations, and the Congo has provided his leader-writers and special correspondents with a fine opportunity to show how keen they are in his service. Their pleasure in their work was enhanced, no doubt, by the knowledge that every day in July 4,274,000 people bought the *Daily Express*, which at last surpassed even its early post-war circulation peak – although how many of the 4,274,000 buy it for its opinions is another matter. Even those who do must, one imagines, have been a little startled to find that the UN has been

harbouring as its Secretary-General (with only Lord Beaverbrook aware of it) the Hitler of the Sixties. 'Mr Hammarskjold's patience is exhausted. So Katanga must die . . .' the *Express* told its readers last week. It followed this up last Friday with the warning that 'UNO's present action is directed against Katanga. In future it may be directed against a territory for which Britain is responsible. Every agitator in Africa is looking with hope to Dag Hammarskjold . . . the "policeman" who sides with law breakers.' On Saturday it was naturally jubilant. 'UNO Climbs Down' screamed its front page headline across eight columns. And from Katanga itself, its special correspondent reported that in Elisabethville all was well in the best of worlds: 'There are white children playing in the streets in the smarter parts. For those who wish it there are champagne, foie gras. The waiters are alert.' But only of course if the United Nations is kept at bay. 'This I know. That if they come . . . the playing children will whimper as they are shovelled into cars and the great swift trek to Rhodesia will begin. The banks, the businesses, the factories will stumble to a standstill. Law will end . . .' By Tuesday the *Daily Express's* readers learned bleakly that even Lord Beaverbrook might not be able to save civilisation from the 'arrogant' Hammarskjold and his 'desperate attempt to save himself and UNO' : 'They ganged up on Belgium in the Security Council tonight – Russia, the US, Tunisia and Ceylon.'

The Drama of Katanga

JEAN DANIEL

(Jean Daniel, chief foreign correspondent of L'Express, *has just returned from the Congo.)*

What happened at Elisabethville on Thursday 4 August, the day of Mr Ralph Bunche's visit? It was after this visit that Mr Hammarskjold decided to postpone the despatch of UN troops to Katanga. As a result of this decision, the Russians published a menacing communique, Guinea and Ghana offered their troops to Mr Lumumba, tribal warfare broke out in two Congo provinces, and the world – according to the Secretary-General himself – stood in grave danger of war. And following Mr Bunche's trip, the UN came in for some acid criticism from all sides.

It was around three o'clock on the afternoon of the fatal Thursday that the plane carrying Bunche and his two assistants landed near Elisabethville. Not a single Katanga minister was there to meet him – merely a couple of Belgian diplomats, Count Aspremont and M. Robert Rotschild. At almost exactly the same moment, Moise Tshombe was saying: 'I am about to a receive an aggressor'. A little later, the 'strong man' of the Katanga régime, Munongo, who is the chief of a large tribe and Minister of the Interior, held a press conference in which he announced general mobilisation, which, he said, had been decided at a cabinet meeting where Tshombe and the commanding officer of the Belgian forces 'had studied measures to be taken in view of Mr Bunche's visit . . .' This was the fashion in which the special envoy of the UN was received.

At five o'clock, Bunche went to Tshombe's house. There he found a youngish man of 39, soberly dressed, only slightly negroid in features, a rapid talker with a firm voice. Tshombe knows how to state a case. He set out to convince Bunche that he was not a Belgian puppet, that he represents the real will of his people, and that he is a responsible leader who will only accept Belgian aid in so far as it helps to consolidate Katanga independence and raises its living standards. Tshombe is a smart operator: he knew all about the man he was dealing with. He knew, for instance, that he was talking to a Nobel Peace prizewinner, a personification of UN principles. Hence he stated bluntly: 'If your troops come to Katanga, we shall fight and we shall die like the Hungarians'.

Bunche is also American. Hence Tshombe described at length the 'Communists' on Lumumba's staff. The UN does not want to get involved in internal problems. Hence Tshombe insisted that Katanga's desire for independence had a long history, that the conflict was not between Belgians and Congolese, but between the Congolese themselves. On one point he was adamant: the Katanga people would regard any move by UN troops as interference in their affairs and would fight them to the death. The responsibility would rest squarely with the UN.

Was this all Tshombe had to say? No. Tshombe was prepared to concede something. He thought he could reach an understanding with the President of the Congo, Kasavubu – but not with Lumumba. Moreover, if the proposal for a confederation was adopted, then there would be no objection to the UN moving in. He would be prepared to recognise the authority of Kasavubu, and allow the Belgian troops to be replaced by UN soldiers – but they must come from white units. The Ghana troops, he said, were the representatives of African expansionism, those from Guinea the instruments of Soviet imperialism.

Gradually, Bunche found himself forced to one conclusion: whatever its origins, the conflict had now become a violent personal battle between two men – Tshombe and Lumumba. It would be impossible to get both of them to agree to any solution. If any third party tried to force one on them, there was a real chance of war; in any case, it was not the UN's job to decide how representative each of them was. It was said that Tshombe would collapse once Belgian troops moved out. Well and good: it would therefore be necessary to get the Belgians out before the UN moved in.

Bunche returned to Leopoldville the next day; but he was not allowed to leave without witnessing another example of how far Tshombe was prepared to go. The aircraft sent to bring him back to Leopoldville was reported over the airport. Munungo, the Minister of the Interior, was immediately warned by a Belgian intelligence officer that the aircraft was carrying UN officials. He decided to refuse them permission to land. The runway was immediately blocked and batteries of machine-guns set up. Munungo told Bunche: 'I warn you that we are going to fire on the aircraft. You had better go up to the control tower and warn your friends that they must return and send an empty aircraft'. After half an hour of argument, it was agreed that the aircraft could land but that if anyone got out of it he would be shot down. Munungo's last remark to Bunche was: 'Tell your boss that when we say we'll fire on UN troops, we're not joking'.

After Bunche had reported back, Hammarskjold himself came to the same conclusion: the Belgian troops must be got out of the Congo as quickly as possible. But he kept his own counsel, and silently endured the abuse hurled at him by the friends of Mr Lumumba: Ghana, Guinea and the Russians. They accused him of playing the Belgian game. It was true they had out manoeuvred him: but he would win the second round.

Why exactly had he decided it was so crucial to get the Belgians out? There are three key men in Katanga, who have played a far more crucial role in the conflict than either Tshombe or Munungo. They are General Geysens, who commands Belgian troops in Katanga, Major Crevecoeur, commander of the Katanga army, and Colonel Weber, so-called 'Military Attaché to the Katanga Prime Minister'. These three men control the police, army, the information services, propaganda, food-supplies and public health. In this area, Belgian 'technical assistance' has taken a very particular form: it has become a subtle form of colonialism.

In Katanga (only a fifth of the Congo but more than twice as big as Britain), 35,000 whites, as they tell you, 'make it possible for 1,700,000 blacks to live'. There are virtually no 'poor whites'. From 1958 on, aware that trouble might be on the way, the Union Katangaise joined together the various white professional organisations, which are rather like the Public Safety Committees set up in Algeria (rather less liberal indeed, for there is no nonsense about 'integration' and 'equality'). According to their delightful formula, the beginning of the Congo-Belgian community 'does not mean that the two races should mix and bastardise themselves'. The Union Katangaise long before independence worked for a federal constitution which would give Katanga virtual autonomy. Some startling details about its activities have been published by *La Gauche* in Brussels and should provide Messrs Hammarskjold and Bunche with some useful debating points.

During this pre-independence period, as a result of the first elections, political parties began to be formed in the Congo. In Katanga, candidates from Kasai, Lumumba's province, were so successful that they produced tribal jealousies and an outbreak of Katanga chauvinism. As a result, Tshombe and Munungo created Conakat (the Confederation of the Katanga Tribal Associations). In 1959 everyone wanted to support Conakat, including the present opposition, Balubakat, who are Kasaians, transplanted to Katanga; even the whites supported it. Suddenly Conakat produced a programme which embodied a new, and odd, brand of Katanga autonomy: federation with Belgium, and recognition of the Belgian king as sovereign. As a result, the Balubakat went into opposition. But the Conakat still maintained a big organisation. How? Because, in effect, the Union Katangaise, realising that the Belgians could survive only by exploiting tribal differences and in particular the jealousy with which the Conakat leaders regarded Leopoldville, decided to back it. Hence Conakat got the support of the Union Minière du Haut-Katanga at the 1960 elections, and won them. This is not the first time that the men who run the Union Minière have tried to separate Katanga from the rest of the Congo; on the contrary, they have tried repeatedly in recent years. Ironically it was the advent of independence, and the disintegration of the Force Publique, the only unifying instrument Lumumba possessed which at last allowed the Union to succeed.

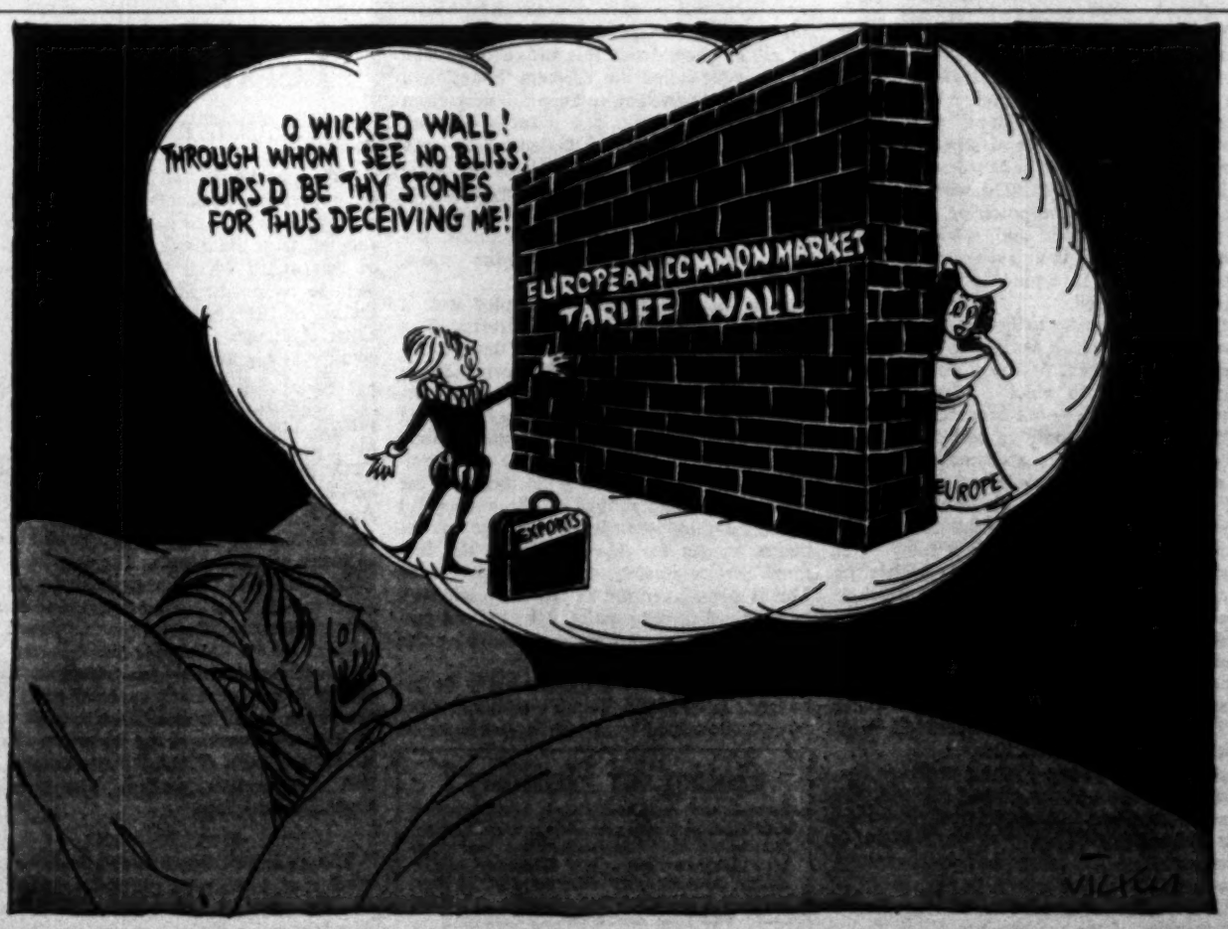
As soon as Katanga proclaimed its independence, the representatives of the Union Minière retired into the background and left the job of running Conakat to the Belgian officers. One must grudgingly admit that they have done this with great skill and considerable psychological insight. The preparations for Bunche's visit were brilliant. With the opposition powerless to intervene, anyone would have thought that the entire population was prepared to fight to the last breath against the Red Dictator from Leopoldville.

During the two days between the decision not to send in UN troops and the meeting of the Security Council, was there a real risk of world war? Why was Hammarskjold so positive that the departure of Belgian troops 'was a question of peace or war'? The African heads of state who talked to Lumumba know the answer. Bourguiba, Mohammed V, Sekou Touré, Nkrumah, Tubman, Olympio were convinced, after hearing him, that he was prepared to go to any extreme to win. Some of them tried to warn him; others gave him encouragement. From this series of visits, Lumumba drew two conclusions. First, his attacks on the UN were not endorsed by all the Africans; by calling in Soviet troops he would lose a good deal of support in Africa. Secondly, by asking only for African assistance, he could force the luke-warm African states into supporting him, and also strengthen his increasingly vulnerable position at home. Faced with the powerful hostility of the Belgian economic interests, who were gradually spreading the seeds of secession to the other provinces, such as Kasai and Kiwu, and with the unrest in Leopoldville created by unemployment and Kasavubu's party, Lumumba realised that unless he could break Katanga resistance quickly, the Congo would disintegrate. Hence he lashed out at Mr H, whom he accused of consolidating Tshombe's position. This was untrue: Mr H simply didn't want to do the job of removing Tshombe himself. But so far as Lumumba was concerned, it came to the same thing: for the more time Tshombe had, the better his chance of smashing the Congolese state before it smashed him.

When Mr H learnt of the Soviet opposition and Lumumba's ultimatum, he was staggered. He was shocked, moreover, by the personal nature of the attacks (at Leopoldville the Vice-premier, Gisenga, actually insulted him). Hence, when he went to the Security Council, he knew that the future of the UN was at stake. If he didn't get what he wanted, he was prepared to resign. Just before the meeting he had a series of interviews with the delegates from almost all the African states, which left him in a state bordering on despair. Until now, Mr H's chief instrument has been the Afro-Asian states: their demands and their confidence in him have enabled him to manoeuvre successfully between the Americans and the Russians. At this juncture the only ally to remain faithful was Mongi Slim, of Tunisia, who until the last moment fought valiantly to impose restraint on his African colleagues. In the face of African intransigence, Mr H decided to make the rapid removal of Belgian troops the *sine qua non*. Hence he presented the eleven members of the Security Council with a virtual ultimatum.

His policy can be summed up briefly: if, as Tshombe maintains, Katanga is perfectly calm, then Belgian troops are not necessary. Equally, if, as Lumumba maintains, Tshombe can only exist so long as Belgian troops remain, then, after their departure, there will no longer be any problem. The UN is evicting Belgian military colonialism from the Congo and at the same time refusing to take part in its internal dispute. From a theoretical viewpoint, Mr H's position is completely irreproachable.

But in real terms the crisis is far from finished. Even if the Belgian troops leave immediately and the UN is able to move into Katanga without bloodshed, the organisation will still have to discharge, for the first time, a mission for which, as I saw for myself, it was far from ready. Today, the Congo is an international beargarden. Everyone is handing out money to everyone else. There is every conceivable kind of police force, intelligence network, propaganda machine and financial and economic brass from all over the world. Never before has a single territory been the object of such unanimous covetousness. Everyone is hoping – and preparing – to get something out of it. The Vatican and Britain, Russia and the US, Tunisia and Israel, China and Yugoslavia, Guinea and Ghana – all have some kind of stake in the Congo's future, to say nothing of South Africa, the Rhodesias and the Portuguese colonies, whose own future may well be settled by what goes on in Leopoldville and Katanga. All these rivalries and fears are taking the form of 'technical assistance'. Far from being coordinated by the UN, which doesn't yet possess an adequate administrative structure, these various schemes in fact impede its work. Moreover, the UN itself reflects, for the moment, the contradictions and squabbles of its members. It is for this reason that the Congo, even after Mr H's victory at the Security Council, remains explosive.



Midsummer Nightmare

Twilight in Liverpool

AUDREY HARVEY

After London, where one rages and frets about bad housing, Liverpool comes like a stunning blow in the face. For instead of dwindling patches of mean industrial dwellings, here there are vast deserts of nothing else. Street after dark, pinched street; row after grimy, meat-coloured row of criminally undersized brick boxes, rising up from the docks, spreading right up to the plutocratic backsides of the Adelphi Hotel and the great insurance buildings, and sprawling into what planners charmingly call the twilight area.

It was here among the Georgian and Regency square and terraces that, at the invitation of Liverpool's friendly authorities, I was permitted to go with a welfare officer on her rounds. No casual visitor to the city could tell, even from the limp blackened plaster, the smashed windows, the basement areas like burgeoning dustbins, what those houses contain. These are some of the 13,000 'farmed' houses, whose legal description is 'houses-let-in-lodgings', and which are occupied by about 30,000 families, often one to a room. In two adjacent houses, for instance, the public health authorities recently found 21 families and 43 children.

But even the most alarming official figures mean, in this context, very little. From the blustery sunlight of the street we plunged into cavernous passageways, mounted stairs with tottering bannisters, tapped on doors, and were welcomed into the bed-choked infernos which are even now, in the happy and glorious 1960s, people's homes.

With cardboard darkening the windows, it was often difficult to keep track of everyone there. Extra babies kept on materialising in the shadow of pram hoods, or on beds among heaped rags. Three children, their pallid mother was saying, were at school, but one couldn't go as his vest hadn't dried in time: it hung greyish and tattered with the other washing above the overpowering coal fire — nowhere else to dry it; and, there, under the shirts and knickers, in an exhausted armchair, sat the father. Liverpool, even now, has 12,000 unemployed.

Going from house to house and room to room, pausing to look at the one indoor lavatory — seat broken, floor awash, and at the encrusted bath into which no hot water for decades has flowed — one becomes so blinded with rage that it is only an odd detail which afterwards stands out: a chamber-pot under a sofa; a beautiful fair-haired child whose father holds her high on his shoulder all the time we talk as if to keep her out of the muck; a flypaper on which there is a shortage of accommodation. One mother has been given a cradle, but there is not an inch in which to rock it. When we tap on a wrong door a bedraggled, ancient face appears and a hand clutching a piece of bread. One great blowsy woman in bedroom slippers, hostile in fear that her children may be removed, turns out to be a girl of 20. All ask one question: When will they move us out of here?

All, too, are poor — to an extent seldom seen in London except among the old. The reasons are many: unemployment; low rates for unskilled and casual work; the fact that in these docks, unlike most, piece-work earnings are averaged out between gangs, some of which may be lazy or slow. But the perennial pregnancies of the mothers are also a factor — especially in preventing them from earning — and so, too, are high rents (these hovels seldom cost less than £2 a week); on top of which there are fees charged for children in care, all the expenses of frequent illness and often, for those on Assistance, the operation of the wages-stop or other practices designed to drive fathers back to work or to counter sin. These leave many big families hopelessly short of bedding and clothes. Nevertheless, there are telly sets on rental: they are lifelines and household gods.

Many of these people are, of course, Irish, driven here by poverty as they have been for generations; but by no means all of them are Catholics. Many are coloured. There are some 20,000 West Indians in this most hospitable of cities, three quarters of whom are, the authorities say, 'very good types'. Some of the not so good have become sub-landlords of the farmed houses, as have Indians and Chinese. But these render a considerable service to the homeless families evicted from other parts of the city — or, occasionally, from the new estates outside, where rents and fares were too high, markets and pubs too distant, the life not theirs. For coloured people never ban children. This is appreciated; and so respectable eyes are carefully averted from eccentric funeral rites in front rooms and from dope clubs in basements.

But what is very sure in this riotous mix-up, what came through the suffocating slum stinks, compounded of soaked mattresses, steaming clothes, re-heated chips, was that here there was – dare one say it? – love. Not only between parents and children, but for all of them from this old-school social worker who called the mothers 'honey' and showed she knew that, to keep a family clean with only a tin basin and a kettle, to cook proper meals with only a shared cooker on a landing (or simply a coal fire) calls for qualities more than human. She knew, too, that where families are constrained to live like cattle, the results include drunkenness, delinquency, prostitution and, quite often, incest.

It is this comprehension, coupled with a trenchant concern, that makes Liverpool an inspiring city to visit. One finds these qualities, blazing, at the head of the social science department of the university and in the Corporation's harassed and hamstrung health and education departments; one finds them among those in charge of the workhouse accommodation for the homeless – or those of the homeless not high enough on the waiting list to be admitted temporarily to one of the houses bought for this purpose by the Personal Service Society with Carnegie funds. This is a small venture as yet, but might well be followed in other cities. Might it not perhaps provide a convenient conscience-salve for property millionaires?

But national guilt cannot so easily be expunged. Liverpool's living conditions were recently described by a touring professor as the worst, for an industrial city, in the world. It has 80,000 unfit houses, of which 27,000 are totally so. These are being demolished at the rate of 1,000 a year. But on top of this, there is the rapid decay, through the neglect of private landlords, of properties not yet included in any clearance scheme. Hundreds of these in the twilight area are hopelessly over-ripe for the bulldozer, but to demolish them now would be to dislocate the original programme. The public health department has to prosecute, for failure to repair, at the rate of at least 20 cases a week; much more often it has to patch leaking roofs and free choked drains – and send in its bill. As elsewhere, it deals only with the agents. But behind them the biggest slum owner in Liverpool, as in Paddington, is the Church.

Of course new building is adding to the Corporation's 70,000 properties; but, as everywhere else, this has been crippled by government financial policy. Only 2,500 new homes were built last year and this year there will be some 500 less. Even so, the new homes – built with a subsidy – have to be reserved for 'clearance families' and not for those on the waiting-list, who now number 40,000.

Here, surely, and in all our black, unpublicised slums, is the Labour Party's true platform; and now, when public expenditure – already so patently inadequate – is being further restricted, is the moment. In the worst areas of Liverpool there are huge blue Tory placards promising 'More Homes – Better Homes'. And the people stewing in the twilight areas believe, no doubt, that those homes will be for them. Neither they nor we are told – either often enough or with sufficient force – that such propaganda is the cruellest of confidence tricks.

Going on Holiday?

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New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1

London Diary

MAURICE RICHARDSON

I did not know that the Canadians had become acutely nuclear-war-conscious. In the big towns, so a friend just back from Canada tells me, there are displays of fall-out shelters of the pattern which the Canadian government recommends. Shades of the Anderson shelters of 1939. Not very comforting shades, either. Although I suppose, if you live in a country as big and as sparsely populated as Canada, a shelter might add something to your chances of survival. Here, in the island suburb, the mention of one merely makes most people faintly embarrassed. I do not know why the Canadians have their shelter obsession, perhaps because of the fashionable arctic missile-route. I seem to have missed any reference to it in the papers and I read as many as most people. The way in which both officialdom and the organs of philistine lower-middle class opinion manage to dismiss as crankery something so essentially sane and rational as the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is extremely characteristic. But if apathy is the prevailing reaction now, when everything is still in the balance, what will it be if all goes well and the American election is followed by a *détente*? Some strange violent manifestation, perhaps. The remaining English eccentricity.

* * *

The exploit of the amateur conjuror steelworker of Linz, who planted a petition in Mr Krushchev's pocket asking that the son of a Hungarian violinist should be allowed to leave Budapest and rejoin his parents, is dis-

tinctly pleasing, I find. The genial K granted the request. I wonder how much, if at all, prestidigitators are used in earnest in the Cold War. Their skill in finger-work and timing can seem quite magical. They can take your watch off your wrist without your noticing it. The expert solus pick-pocket uses the same strategy, distracting in one direction and dipping in the other. This must be almost the only profession where bad breath is an advantage. One pick-pocket used to stalk diamond merchants on bus journeys from Hatton Garden to Cricklewood, chewing garlic so as to get up a really dizzying blast before he launched his final coup at the little wash-leather pocketful of stones. The trouble, of course, with pick-pocketing for intelligence purposes is that, although the official reception affords plenty of opportunities for jostling at close quarters, the diplomat is most unlikely to be carrying a paper of any importance. What does one suppose might be found on our new Foreign Secretary? A list of rare birds and a marked seed catalogue, perhaps.

* * *

We were talking about ESP and clairvoyance at dinner the other night. Everybody was more or less of the same mind: willing but still unable to be totally convinced. Then H told this story. In a mental hospital in the Channel Islands where he was once a GP, there was a schizophrenic patient who had a remarkable psychometric faculty. The superintendent used to get him to display it to visitors. He would give him a piece of fossil-bearing rock to hold in his hand. The schizophrene would then describe in rich detail a prehistoric landscape corresponding to the environment of the fossil. The remarkable thing, said H, about these performances was that they were geologically correct. The schizophrene never got his rocks or his species mixed, never sent plesiosauruses and pterodactyls in to feed beside mammoths and sabre-toothed tigers. Yet he was a man of no education, an agricultural labourer, almost if not quite illiterate. It made a good story as H told it, and one or two people seemed to think it was a convincing demonstration. Yet, even if you accept it at its face value, it proves nothing whatever. There are other stories of feats of inexplicable sensitivity by schizophrenes, telling the time by passing their fingers over a watch glass. And of course there is a whole school which maintains they have remarkable telepathic faculties. I have often read that mescaline and lysergic acid promote extra-sensory perception but somehow the details never seem to be substantiated.

* * *

An advertiser in the Agony Column of *The Times* is in the market for essays and lecture notes from a recent graduate of the Oxford History School. This has a Twenty-ish, almost a pre-1914, ring. It might be Lonsdale in *Sinister Street*. I suppose it could be career planning. The academic picaresque has a special fascination. There was the Chicago pork-packer's son who was promised a string of polo ponies if he got a second. He bribed a hard-up post-graduate student, who looked not unlike him, to sit for schools in his place. A ringer, they would call it in racing circles. It came unstuck at the *viva* when the discrepancies between the candidate's written papers and his amazing ignorance aroused suspicion and an inquiry. There is another story that intrigues me more. It is about a crammer who flourished many years ago. He specialised in teaching the backward heirs to peerages and beerages enough Latin to pass their Responsions and Little-go. When he got the young Duke of Dumb-Crambo, superannuated from Eton and despaired of by a succession of private tutors, through his Little-go there was gossip in cramming and pass circles. A jealous rival was said to have employed a private inquiry agent; but he could find no evidence of any sharp practice. The young Duke's reason did, indeed, appear to have taken an undisputed turn for the better. Not until he was on his death-bed did the crammer reveal his secret. He used carefully prepared pornographic texts to rouse the dormant linguistic faculty.

* * *

Chess, played with human pieces in the open air on a huge marked-out board, is one of the rather more exotic August sports. The players sit on tennis umpires' chairs commanding the field of play. The call out their moves through a megaphone. It is preferable that the pieces, as at Hastings, should be familiar with the game; otherwise this can become chaotic. It is likely to introduce an unwanted subjective element in any case. There was one famous exhibition game with human pieces played in Berlin in the early Twenties between Capablanca and Nimzowitsch (I think). Quite early on, Nimzowitsch, who was playing Black, offered a dubious exchange of Queens. Capa refused. The cunning Nimzowitsch pressed on. He harried the White Queen mercilessly. She was soon literally panting. Capablanca went on incurring grave losses of tempo and position. The explanation of this self-sabotage was very simple. The pieces had been supplied by the UFA Film Studios. The White Queen was a ravishing starlet. The susceptible Cuban refused to allow her to be swept off the board until he had a chance to make a date with her for dinner that night. This story, which is one of the more human chess anecdotes, I owe to the late William Winter, that most amiable, mildly eccentric, one-time British chess champion; his chess manners were delightful; he never made a beginner feel inferior.

* * *

As a member of the British Herpetological Society, I have a duty to pipe up on behalf of our native reptiles. All six species are now in the throes of their annual peril from holiday-makers. The snakes catch it the worst. I myself was cured of adder-bashing as a boy by reading W. H. Hudson's moving plea. He advised one to pick *Vipera Berus* up by the tail before letting it go, so as not to miss its beautiful belly: cloudy blue in the females; shiny black in the males. I do not recommend this to the inexperienced. Better leave adders alone. They are unmistakable with the staring black zig-zag down their backs. These useful scavengers never attack, and bite only if handled or trodden on. True, the encounters with them can be very improbable. Air Vice-Marshal Morton in a recent article in the BMJ describes how a naval airman was climbing a cliff in Cornwall and, in reaching above his head for a hand-grip, grasped an adder. It bit him. 'But,' writes the AV-M, 'it says much for the stoicism of the

'So this is China- sorry, I mean Formosa-town . . .'

Senior Service that he did not relinquish his hold and fall backwards.' A veritable cliff-hanger! The grass-snake's only defences are shamming dead and emitting a terrible smell. The harmless smooth snake is very rare, though 100 years ago it was seen in large numbers near the village which is now Bournemouth. Of the lizards, the legless slow-worm is much persecuted. And why is the common lizard the only reptile found in Ireland? The answer to this is thought to be that it was the first to get back there after the last ice age and was then marooned by the cataclysm that cut off Ireland from the land-mass. The Irish have a legend that St. Patrick caught the last snake in Ireland by luring it into a box – no doubt with a promise of a job in England. This saint had a nose for cataclysm. He also promised that the holy island, though it might be partly inundated, would never be destroyed by fire.

★ ★ ★

Another feature of August is the interesting anthropological anecdote about the awesome encounter between a member of the public and a member of the Royal Family. The all-time record for a royal-toady story was held by the late Willy Clarkson, the wig-maker. Clarkson had gone to Sandringham to make up the cast of some amateur theatricals on which Edward VII was very keen. Turning a corridor at full speed he cannoned into a large portly form which trod heavily and agonizingly on his toe. 'And when he saw it was me,' said Clarkson, approaching the climax of his story in an ecstasy of loyalty, 'he said: "Damn you, Clarkson! I wish you wouldn't be so bloody clumsy!" Now wasn't that charming of him?'

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I have the greatest admiration for our Police Force, but may I make so very bold as to say that if more of the Police Force also attended the House of God (when not on duty, of course) and were more in touch with 'the God that revealeth secrets' (see Daniel 2, 28) they might be greatly helped in tracking down elusive offenders. After all, as Almighty God knows all things, why not seek His aid? Why wait till the final Judgment Day to clear up some of those unsolved crimes! – Letter in *Essex Weekly News*. (Harold Scarlett).

Easthampstead, Berks, Rural Council has apologised to a housewife who called to seek guidance on family planning and was directed to the surveyor's department. – *Empire News*. (Ronald W. Walker).

I have been distressed to see during this wet summer that the use of umbrellas in country districts is spreading. It used never to be questioned that the correct dress for wet weather outside the towns was a tweed or felt hat or cap, and a raincoat. Exceptions were made for clergymen and certain sorts of women. Now every other person seems to be creeping about blindly under an umbrella, giving horses a nasty turn and forcing other road users into the hedges. Where is it all going to end? – Letter in *Sunday Times*. (J. Jay).

A retired Army officer watched a disorderly group of unwashed, straggly-haired beatniks – one of them drinking beer from a jerry-can – and said: 'It's like having the Congo on your doorstep.' – *Scottish Daily Mail*. (W. Arthur).

The Low Road to Rome

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

In 1924 before British athletes could even be sent to the Olympic Games, they had, as usual, to engage in a flurry of fund-raising. 'But', I remember Harold Abrahams writing at the time, 'just give us the cash and we will do the rest'. Perhaps Abrahams really believed that this was true. Certainly I did; and when, almost without exception, British athletes failed miserably, I assumed that there had been dirty work and went on believing that, given fair conditions, they would always come out on top. I do not believe that now.

From the last two Olympic Games, Britain has acquired two gold medals, one of them thanks to a horse; and, though the sports writers are already building up Gordon Pirie's chances in Rome this month, a glance at his latest time reveals that he will have to make up at least 15 seconds in the 5,000 metres to show at all. Even if he does not exhaust himself with oratory between now and the race, this will take some doing. Pirie apart, we have some swimmers, notably Ian Black, we have a Pentathlon team and, no doubt, we have another horse; but even if we were to cash all these assets, we should be unlikely to come higher than fifth in the final roll.

Now that I come to think of it, it is difficult to name a sport at which we are top nation. There's junior show jumping – our best friend again – but after that, what? In Europe, the French, who used to be good for a laugh every time they appeared at Twickenham, are nowadays certainly the best rugger players; and it will surprise me if any of the home countries are able to hold the South Africans next season. In cricket, we have the best pair of fast bowlers in the world, but that will not be enough to deal with O'Neill and company when the Australians come over here next summer, and our batting has been suspect even against the South Africans. Yet rugger and cricket are the only two sports in which we can make any sort of serious claim to be in the top class. In soccer, even the most patriotic of our sports writers now hesitates to tell his readers that we are any good; for his readers will have seen for themselves on the telly what soccer can be when played by, say, Real Madrid.

Faced inescapably at last with these facts, some British critics blame the selectors – all selectors – who are said to be incapable of recognising a good man when they see him; some controlling bodies blame the athletes, who are said to be too busy with advertising and television to train properly; and a sizeable portion of the public tries to comfort itself with the reflection that in Britain we play games not to win but for enjoyment. The last excuse is the worst of the three. Part of the enjoyment of a game lies in playing it successfully. I have yet to meet a batsman who genuinely enjoyed making a duck, or a goalkeeper who was pleased when he let one through, or a spectator (other than a Chelsea fan) who was happy when his side lost. The other excuses are almost equally futile. If the Archangel Gabriel went right through his records, he would not find 11 footballers in all Britain to match the best that Brazil could send against them; and the deficiencies in our training can be more readily explained by out of date methods and lack of facilities than by any lack of will.

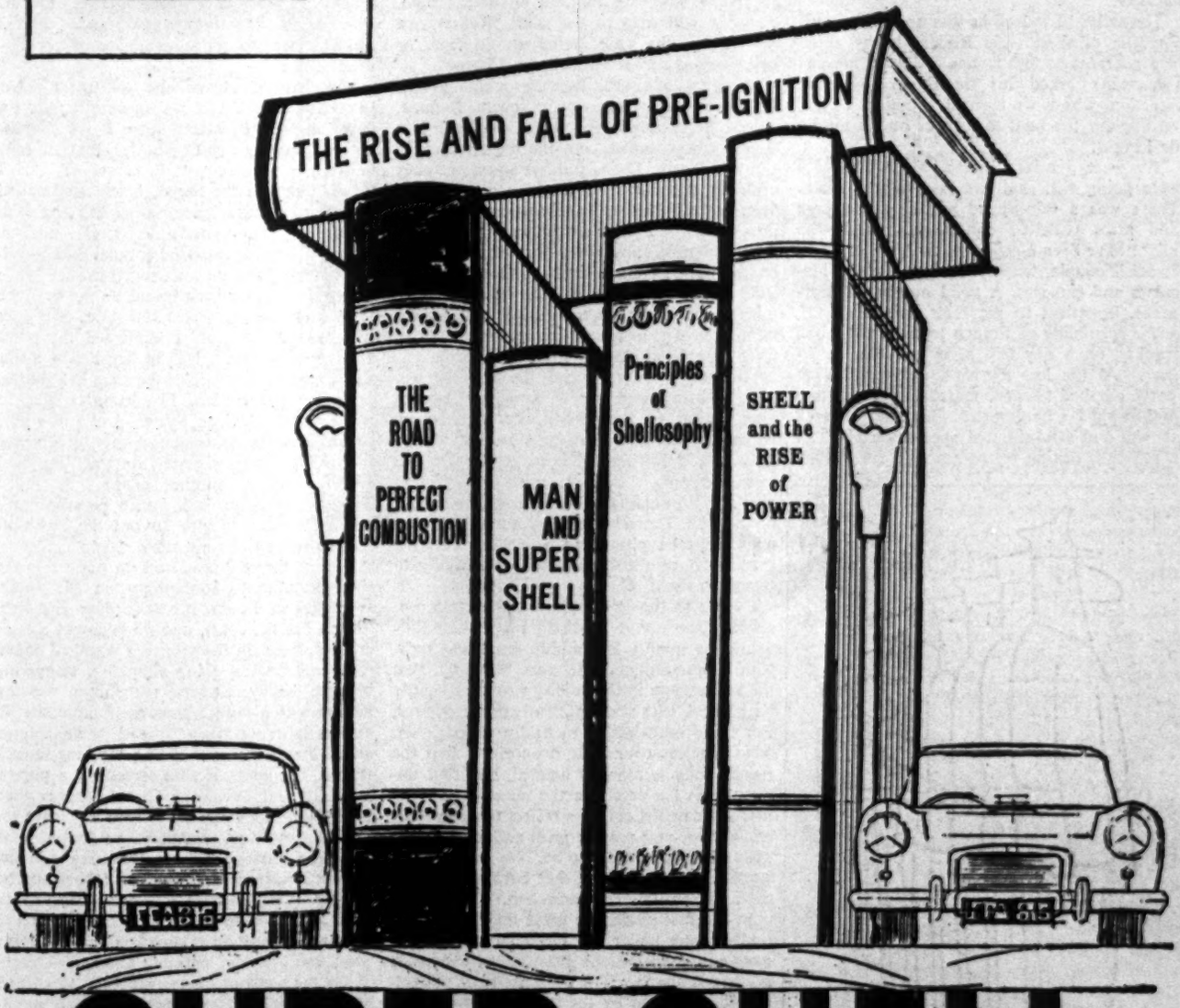
What then is wrong? First, there is still such an acute shortage of playing fields that youngsters who might otherwise have been fine cricketers or runners or footballers take to minor sports, such as do-it-yourself sailing, or else zoom around on motor bikes. And many of those who do take to games play their football ankle deep in mud and their cricket knee deep in long grass, where they trip over courting couples when they go for a high one in the outfield. The shortage of facilities persists even when the youngster overcomes all obstacles and reaches the first class. There are, for example, far fewer running tracks in the north than in the south and much less chance of meeting serious competition. So if an athlete wants to bring himself to his peak by matching himself against top class rivals, he must travel long distances, often at his own expense.

Next the organisations which control sport are often manned by the elderly who believe that sporting time came to a stop round about the year 1930, and who in consequence are in continuous conflict with the sportsmen they are supposed to govern. In football, the long-standing grievances of professional football players about their contracts are again boiling over; and in athletics, things have reached such a pitch that practising athletes have formed their own exclusive organisation as one means of trying to win a say in how their sport should be run. Nor are the controlling organisations in conflict only with the active sportsmen. In football, the League and the Association are in conflict with each other, with the League even trying to diminish the importance of the Association's Cup by starting a cup competition of its own.

Perhaps above all, there is no sport, with the possible exception of cricket, where anyone in high authority has made up his mind that the creation of the best possible national team is a first priority. Football League clubs sometimes refuse to release players for an international if they happen themselves to be playing an important league match; and, so far from reducing the number of league matches by reducing the number of league clubs – so giving star players more time to train and play together as a national side – the League is actually increasing the number of games under its auspices in the coming season. In athletics, far too many potential athletes have to struggle along on their own. It is, thanks to the National Coal Board, and not the AAA, that Arthur Rowe, our European champion shotputter, has recently secured enough time for training; and when, as a gesture of thanks, Rowe competes in the Coal Board championships instead of appearing the other day at the White City, the authorities talk of declining to select him for our team at Rome.

Clearly we must do one of two things in all sports. Either we must decide that we want, once again, to win international events, in which case not only must money be made available for the proper training of potential star athletes but local loyalties must be subordinated to national needs; or we must accept that, for the future, in international sport we shall remain – as we now are – a third or fourth-class power and stop either grousing about it or pretending that a gold medal won for clay-pigeon shooting makes us leaders in the Olympic world.

The learned driver knows his stuff
He knows it very well
He knows that if she's running rough
He'll smooth her out with Shell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The Naked and the Red

PAUL JOHNSON

The tall, angular Englishman standing on the *quai* looked ordinary enough, granted the usual oddities of English people in the south of France. Long, sun-reddened legs, dirty khaki shorts, huge feet encased in thick socks and sandals, a battered rucksack from which a copy of the *Observer* obtruded. But there was something furtive about him, as if he was a provincial visiting Soho for the first-time and uncertain where to find a strip-tease joint. I watched him approach a vaguely nautical figure and ask: *'Ou est le bateau pour les nudistes?'*

The sailor (if indeed he was one: the municipalities of these little Riviera 'ports' often hire peasants at 500 francs a day to pose as fishermen) jerked his thumb over in our direction, where we formed a patient queue, waiting for the boat to take us out to the Ile de Levant.

We were a mixed bunch. My wife and I were going out, shall we say, as journalists. There was a thin-lipped youth, whose jaws and arms twitched convulsively, and who might have been a psychopath. A solidly-built Swedish couple, heavily equipped with binoculars and cameras. A good number of Germans, impatient to get their *lederhosen* off, and a sprinkling of French tourists, out, quite frankly, on a day trip *pour voire les naturistes*. At the last moment, a large English party climbed aboard, marshalled by a stern middle-aged schoolmaster with lean bronzed shanks and steel-rimmed spectacles. He held a roll-call, ticking off names in a little green book. 'Where's Angela?' he asked sharply, and the others took up the call, wailing 'Angela, Angela', across the little harbour.

But Angela never turned up; perhaps she had got stage-fright at the last moment. Her companions sat huddled together in the gunwales, chewing ravenously at pieces of bread. One of them turned to me and said: 'I say, where did you manage to buy that copy of the NEW STATESMAN?' I studied the other travellers with interest: it is a curious sensation, being squashed together in a boat with 50 people, knowing that, in an hour's time, everyone will strip to the skin. Rather like waiting for the Last Judgment, in fact, or being rowed across the Styx by Charon.

In reality, of course, the rules which govern the Ile de Levant are not so severe. It must, indeed, be unique in the world, in that it is a colony where nudists and the merely curious can mix freely. The island has some perfectly ordinary non-nudist residents – a Mayor, a *Syndicat d'Initiative*, hotel-owners and their families as well as a contingent of French sailors, who occupy some sort of naval base on the rocks. Hence, in the area around the little harbour and the village, the nudists are obliged to wear what the notices call *un slip minimum*, which in most cases turned out to be a triangle of cloth tied on with string.

At first glance, therefore, the harbour presents a bizarre appearance: a ballet of bronze girls, naked to the waist, who have come down to meet the boat, and groups of off-duty sailors, leering villainously. Outside this restricted area, however, complete freedom prevails. You can take off all your clothes, or none at all. There is only one condition: you may not take photographs, except with the permission of the nudists who are likely to figure on them.

I came to the Ile de Levant with two preconceptions about nudists. First that they would be mainly fat, middle-aged and ugly, with a predominance of men. Secondly, that the atmosphere in the colony would be rigidly puritanical, with sex kept firmly under control. For I had been misled by nudist propaganda, which centres round the proposition that the naked body is morally neutral, and that uncleanliness lies solely in the mind. It may be that some nudist colonies reflect this curiously naive view, and are the grim and humourless places I imagine them to be. Not so the Ile de Levant. In fact I found that both my preconceptions were entirely mistaken.

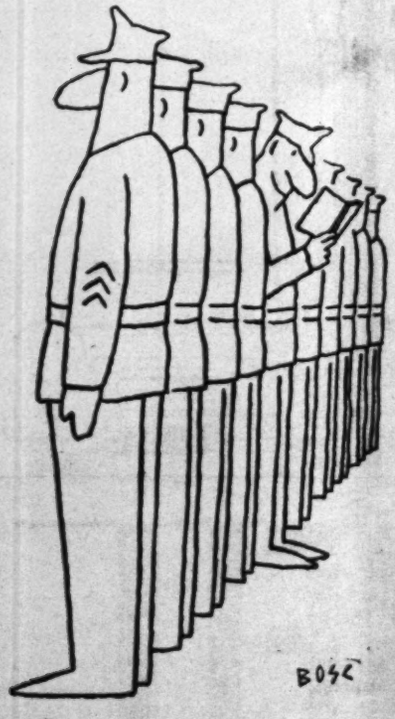
In the first place, the great majority of the nudists were under 30. The men were vigorous and handsome, the girls for the most part pretty and shapely. The chief aesthetic offence, indeed, is caused by the inevitable mechanics of getting a sun-tan. For most of the girls make the mistake of arriving after they have already sunbathed elsewhere in bikinis. They thus find themselves with white patches on their bottoms and busts, and though these do, in due course, get pink and finally brown, the rest of the body meanwhile gets even browner, so that the odd – and slightly obscene – discrepancy remains. Lying on the sun-baked rocks, I pondered for some time on this problem, and decided that the only solution would be for them to sunbathe in a garment which exposed only those parts of the body which elsewhere the law decrees must be covered. But this, I imagine, would look even odder.

My second preconception – that nudists are anti-sex – proved equally untrue. Watching their behaviour, on the rocks, in the sea, in the village street, in the cafés and shops, I came to the firm conclusion that most of them are obsessed by sex. The men come there to look at naked girls, and spend most of their time doing so, quite unequivocally; while the girls come there to be looked at, and quite manifestly enjoy it. There is a third group, the least pleasing but fortunately the smallest: men, usually well into middle age, who spend their time exhibiting themselves to women tourists. They tend to creep stealthily all over the island, suddenly popping out at you from behind bushes. They are also disagreeably talkative, haranguing the casual visitor with long lectures about the ancient Greeks, Sparta, etc, usually delivered in a strong German accent. For nudists, like homosexuals and Catholic converts, are the most inveterate of proselytisers.

We did not escape the treatment. No sooner had we found an agreeable rock on which to doze (I retained some of my clothes, not on moral grounds, but for fear of sunburn) than a shadow fell across us, and I looked up into the large, hairy and naked paunch of a Ruhr industrialist. 'Ho', he said, 'I see that you and your little friend' – nudists, I note, like to pay married couples the compliment of assuming they are living in sin – 'I see that you and your little friend do not see face to face on the Naturalist Question. She does disrobe and you not.' I explained my point about getting burnt, but he brushed it aside. 'It is often so. Sometimes the man has shame, sometimes the woman.' Five minutes later, he was well launched on Sparta, and I was able to terminate the conversation only by jumping into the sea, from whence I watched him plod eagerly over to another group. A nudist colony, I imagine, is a bore's paradise: it's awfully difficult to give anyone the brush-off if both you and he are stark naked.

Indeed, the real drawback to nudism is the sheer monotony. Sunbathing on the rocks, swimming in the sea, it makes sense. But once away from the coast, nudism becomes a ludicrous posture. In the village, I watched naked men and women going shopping, staggering beneath heavy baskets, sometimes wearing hats or with a towel across their shoulders. In the restaurants, they spread their napkin across their knees, not having anything to tuck it into. The waitress who served us, a plump, jolly girl and obviously a native rather than a *naturiste*, took off her blouse to please the tourists, and very peculiar she looked with her large Provencal breasts bobbing over her pink-and-white apron. The fact is that nudism is not natural, unless you are doing something such as swimming, where clothes are a nuisance. In any other situation, the nudist is a joke, and often an unfunny joke.

On the harbour, as we prepared to embark for the mainland, a solitary policeman was on duty, no doubt to see that the *slip minimum* rule was observed. I should like to report that he, too, was wearing a *slip*, but in fact he wore blue jeans and a beach shirt, crowned by a *képi* as a sign of authority. He had a gun, too. As we passed out of the harbour, an angry argument broke out between a serious French nudist and a huge German tourist, who wanted to take a colour-movie of some naked figures on the rocks. A clipped English voice said: 'Seems odd, doesn't it, to be back in uniform?' Then the sea became very rough indeed, and people began to be sick. In my distress I was consoled to note that a really fanatical German nudist, tanned as dark as his *lederhosen*, went as green as everyone else.



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The Arts and Entertainment

Paradise Lost: 1658

'I have neglected nothing.' Such was Poussin's modest reply when asked to comment on his own unique mastery. It is revealing in two ways. It emphasises Poussin's methodical, obstinate, highly conscious way of working. He never allowed himself to be in debt to his genius: a fact which has led a lot of stupid and blind people to assume that he had everything except genius, that he achieved what he did simply by obeying all the rules. The remark also emphasises the outstanding quality of Poussin's finished art. In Poussin's world there are no coincidences, no happy or unhappy accidents. Everything seen is foreseen.

When I wrote last year about the Poussins at Dulwich, I tried to explain how this careful sense of order finally added up to something more than an impeccable sense of composition, and how it derived from the way Poussin posed the world in his mind's eye before he even picked up his brushes. The summer exhibition now at the Louvre (the most complete Poussin exhibition ever assembled: it contains 120 of the 180 surviving paintings) shows very clearly how this power of organisation developed.

In the two earliest battle scenes of Joshua's army, painted when Poussin was 30, there is controlled turmoil. They are not seen in terms of the total chaos of the protagonist's view: they are seen in terms of the modified chaos of the safe eye-witness. Ten years later, in the first whirling *Rape of the Sabines*, everything has been placed in the ordered perspective of history. Everything which is included has been made significant. Thus – though flesh is still flesh – the Romans and the Sabines become gods, incapable of triviality. Ten years later again – in the late 1640's – Poussin's power becomes complete. He can now go to the centre of the most undramatic incident – a quiet marriage, a baptism, a man walking through a landscape – and so arrange the elements of the scene as to give it a charge, a significance far greater than he gave to the whole of Joshua's army.

Yet with this power to organise, this mastery, came anxiety. And for me this was the unexpected secret of the exhibition. How is it that in Poussin, of all artists, you can glimpse the horror and fears that were later to seize and drive Goya onwards? I don't want to exaggerate. You can only just glimpse this. It is no more than a nagging doubt, no larger than a man's hand on the horizon.

The turning point was about 1648, the year he painted the Dulwich *Roman Road*. From then onwards the light suggests that which precedes a thunderstorm. The sharply defined leaves of the trees seem to cover the eyes of the landscape blinding it. It is as though Poussin began to be horrified at the inertia of the earth.

Clouds become a reminder of smoke. There are literally snakes in the grass, and more than one of his figures falls victim to a hidden serpent. The giant Orion stalks across a landscape, himself blind, the dead tree-roots at his feet like frogs. Other giants too appear, questioning the world of reason and proportion. From where do they come? In the foreground of painting after painting there is dark water, as though to suggest that there is an edge, a limit, to what can be ordered, and that around the edge reflections and illusions are seeping.

Much else continues as before: the same marvellously calculated theorems of colour, blue with the gold of white wine, blazon red with copse green; the same appropriateness of gesture to emotion; the same unity of figures and landscape; the same pastoral spaces. I speak only of a hint. But just once this hint is made dreadfully explicit. There is the terrible contrast in 'The Four Seasons' between the canvases of *Summer* and *Winter*. It is as terrible a contrast as that in the Sistine Chapel between Michelangelo's ceiling and his *Last Judgment* painted 25 years later. *Summer*, surely one of the richest paintings in the world, is as life-affirming as the golden loaf of bread suggested by its predominant colour. *Winter*, which also represents *The Deluge*, is ash-coloured and so withered in all its forms that its composition becomes purely linear and gothic – a phenomenon to be found nowhere else in Poussin's work. Clearly these two pictures are far more than a comment on the two seasons. If such a winter ends such a summer, some spectre of haunting futility has been met and not been exorcised. What was this spectre for Poussin, Poussin the man of rule and classic continuity, on whose example all the assured academies have been based?

Was it simply the spectre of his own ageing? When he was in his thirties he borrowed from Veronese and Titian to find the means to express his own intense sexuality. There are muses and goddesses in his early work that look forward towards Renoir. Venus lies in a wood among red and white draperies. When the satyrs pull these off, her body beneath is revealed as a blushing infusion and marriage of the two colours. By the time Poussin was in his fifties syphilis, as with so many at that time, had undercut his faculties. The lines in his late drawings are as wavy as embroidered stitches. In 1665 he wrote: 'I have nothing to do now except die: that is the only cure for the ills that afflict me'.

Was the spectre the disease in his own body? Partly, I think, but not entirely. Many earlier artists had suffered protracted illnesses, but one never finds in their work the same nagging anxiety. Horror and tragedy – yes. But not this latent disquiet which the confident can even ignore. The self-portrait of 1650 reveals the same thing. The pinched face of a proud, courageous, determined man who would like to know a little less than he does. It is not that he has a guilty secret of his own. The anxiety is not personal *Angst*. It is the price paid for a particular and new kind of opportunity. I know of no earlier self-portrait with a comparable expression.

The late 1640's were a critical period politically. Charles I was tried and executed. Civil war broke out in France. Nearer Poussin in Rome, there was the plebeian insurrection in Naples, led by Masaniello. The days of absolutism were being numbered. Poussin wrote: 'It is a great pleasure to live in an age when such great things are happening, provided one can tuck oneself away in some quiet corner and watch the Comedy at leisure'. Did the spectre arise out of these events or their shadows? Again, perhaps partly. But I cannot help believing that the most profound historical parallel is less direct.

Descartes was born in 1596, two years after Poussin. The Cartesian division between the soul of the observer and the world around him, made the division between mind and matter more final than ever before. Nature becomes the 'dead matter' that can be organised by the natural sciences. The individual soul becomes private. Philosophic reasoning begins on the basis of doubt. In his own field had not Poussin reached the same threshold?

Look at the *Arcadian Shepherds* painted in 1650. The three men decipher an inscription on a tomb they have just come across. The woman bows her head in reflection. Landscape and figures are at one. The angle of the mountain above the tomb is the same as that of the elbow of the kneeling shepherd. The boughs grow out of the woman as though she were a dryad. Nothing has been overlooked. Within the arrangement of the three shepherds, there are wheels within wheels. The first circle inscribes the kneeling shepherd – leaving aside the kneeling leg on the ground. The second, larger circle is bounded by the standing shepherd's outstretched arm. The third circle surrounds all four figures. Each circle re-emphasises the curved shadow of the reader's arm on the tomb: each circle as it revolves, draws attention to the finger following the inscription. The inscription reads: *Et in Arcadia Ego*.

This phrase was an early-seventeenth-century invention. It is first found not in literature but in a painting by Poussin's contemporary Guercino. Unlike a typical medieval inscription – 'Though now food for worms, I was formerly known as a painter' – it is not about the process of Death, awaiting all; it is about an individual being taken out of his environment, which is indifferent to his departure, which continues as though he had never been there.

In the painting every material form is ordered and put in its proper place. But the centre of the picture is less than a shadow. There is the shepherd who reads, then there

is his shadow, and beyond that, inside the tomb, there is nothing. There is only written evidence of a presence, now departed.

I am not suggesting that Poussin deliberately painted a philosophic allegory. I am not even suggesting that he read Descartes. We have no evidence that he did. What I am suggesting is that Poussin reached in his own art a degree of order and control such as the natural sciences were to reach as a result of the Cartesian division; but that, having reached this, he became uneasy about the limitations of this control. He was haunted by the spectre of Time: that Time, crueller than any experienced before, which was rushing into the new gulf cut beween mind and matter. It is no coincidence that Cézanne went back to Poussin as a starting point, for Cézanne's art was the first to try to rebridge the gulf.

JOHN BERGER

Speaking Verse

A few months ago *Listen* issued an LP of *Robert Graves reading Selected Poems* which was well received, and deserved to be. Now an LP of 33 different poems is brought out by Argo, and it is called for variety's sake *Robert Graves reads Selected Poems* (RG 191). If one must make narrow discriminations, I suppose the Argo is slightly better – both in quality of recording and choice of poems – but if you want one record you will really want both. Graves lets the words of the poem do the poetic work, and does not presume to disguise the poet's deficiency with an actor's talent. If the two records together give us anything besides considerable pleasure, they confirm again the variety and fecundity of the poetry of Robert Graves.

George Rylands, as most readers will know, has been directing *The Works of William Shakespeare* on long playing records 'Under the auspices of The British Council' for the past three years. The actors are anonymous, recruited from the Marlowe Society, and professional players, and the albums are issued by Argo. Among the latest to be released are *Romeo and Juliet* (RG 200-203), *The Winter's Tale* (RG 204-207), *Henry IV, Part I* (RG 208-211), and *Henry IV, Part II* (RG 212-215). There have been other recordings of Shakespeare, and some great actors have taken part in them, but I have heard none which has been directed with the skill of Mr Rylands. No voice obtrudes by its beauty, its resonance, or its idiosyncracy. The absence of gimmicks to distinguish voices forced me to follow the text as I listened. So much the better; the play *is* the thing, and the voices – which for the most part acted superbly – made the language the star of each play.

When you see Shakespeare on the stage, so much occupies the senses that a scrupulous use of voice is not so essential – though I think it is a pity that the verse is sacrificed to the voice, and the voice to the movement. Garrick ignored line-endings, and it has become considered a virtue to by-pass these pauses or points of emphasis for which the poet has provided notation. I remember that when we read Shakespeare in my American high school, the less verbal students gave an equal pause (three or four seconds, it seemed) at the end of every line. Teachers gave 'A's' to students who could read the lines 'as if they meant something – which was in practice 'as if they were prose'. Somewhere along the line perhaps actors have felt it necessary to prove their literacy. Or perhaps they were never taught the simpler differentia of poetry and prose. Or perhaps they only wish to show that they know better than any writer the proper places for taking breaths.

Usually, of course, the representation of metre in the speaking of verse is not even avoided; it is beneath consideration. Yet Mr Rylands restores both the structure of the line and the structure within the line. Almost all his actors indicate the close of lines by slight pauses, and by variations of pitch, duration, and volume; the metre is served by the observation of relative louds and softs, and old pronunciations are used when necessary (except for the -ion ending, which is made one syllable). Since these records will be used in schools, I regard it as an important triumph for the study of English verse that the director has been able to represent its actual structure.

Henry IV, Part I, has a Hotspur whose quaver manages to sound more senile than hot-blooded. My other complaints are too petty for print. The end-stopped, coupleted verse of *Romeo and Juliet* is delivered with delightful balance and wit. *The Winter's Tale*, on the other hand, is spoken in accord with the freer, less syllabic, enjambed style of Shakespeare's later blank verse. To play a speech from each play in quick succession is to learn by ear a complicated technical lesson. Really, the production of all four plays is magnificent.

When Claire Bloom and Claude Rains read *The Song of Songs* and *The Letters of Heloise and Abelard* (Caedmon TC 1085), one can admire some good reading but wonder who would want to own the record. When one comes to Sir Cedric Hardwicke reading *Wordsworth* (Caedmon TC 1026), one is back on familiar, if less than pleasant, ground. This actor is not so cavalier about verse structure as many, but he commits an equal fault. Acting is necessary in a play, but it is death to a lyric poem. When Hardwicke reads 'If Lucy should be dead', he speaks with a hush of horror which is ludicrously out of place. Later, when he and Robert Newton combine to read *Metaphysical and Love Lyrics of the Seventeenth Century* (Caedmon TC 1049), the rhythmical structure is often avoided. Marvell's 'To His Coy Mistress' loses its clever rhyme and exact metre. And again, when 'mind' is mentioned in 'The Garden', the voice goes all gooey and spiritual – destroying the possibility of irony, limiting the poem. When an actor interprets a poem, he chooses one aspect of a line and emphasises it at the expense of other possibilities. Poems are more complex than tones of voices. An actor's real job, when faced with lyric poetry, is to make audible the visible. He should render the lines as the rhythm of the typography displays them, and in accord with the traditions of metre. He may suit his voice to the mood of the genre of the poem – fast and slow, loud and soft – but when he acts he destroys by circumscribing.

DONALD HALL

The Grand Spoof

Hitchcock is a master magician. His extraordinary introductions to a very ordinary TV series mesmerised us to go on looking; we search for him in the background of every film he makes; and when a real winner comes up, pleasure becomes almost ecstasy. Such a winner – certainly the best since *The Trouble with Harry* – is *Psycho*. Not only did he make the film, he stage-manages it: critics weren't allowed in till after the public (which caused them to whistle and boo – some in print); performances must be kept separate; supporting items, timing between shows, and management of queues, all, according to the *Daily Cinema*, have been worked out by the Maestro. Sucked into the Plaza by such magnetic forces, I must confess that the film not only meets anticipation but surpasses it.

Here, as I think never before, Hitchcock has brought close that sense of dread and of Gothick phantasy with which often he has plagued us. He has a style quite as much as Poe; in two movements and a coda he translates a tale of robbery and murder to zones in which he can grand-guignolise us to his liking; and all this he accomplishes by sheer magic of filming. (Did you ever sense the menace latent in rain on a windscreen?) Glowering black-and-white, close-ups, camera movements at times almost an arabesque in themselves if they did not so dramatically fit the moment, stir an excitement that is the exact opposite of the flat distaste engendered by such horror pieces as *Peeping Tom*. Style and exhilaration – together with tense narrative and acting of a high order – these turn the tables. Janet Leigh sustains the everyday panic of a secretary in love who has made off with $40,000; she meets fate in the dazzling white of a motel bathroom; part two then revolves about Anthony Perkins, brilliantly uneasy in his backwater motel; and though I shan't give away plot, his behaviour culminates in a showdown that is a mixture of revelation and spoof – Hitchcock's particular dish. No one better than he can unnerve and tickle in the same instant: that's why his most twanging effects are void of offence. In the shocker class *Psycho* can no more be

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objected to than could *Cosi Fan Tutte* as salacious operetta. May I draw attention also to the edgily insistent music of Bernard Herrmann which so faithfully underlines the camera mood?

De Sica's *Il Tetto* at last appears at the International Film Theatre: several years ago, when he came to England for the presentation of *Umberto D*, he was speaking of it with enthusiasm. But the truth is that that this Zavattini-De Sica film lacks the spontaneity of their earlier co-operation, and the fault is De Sica's, whose touch here makes for fine backgrounds and posed actions – the reverse of true Neo-Realism. Subject and script seem admirable: the housing shortage in which a working-class family live a dozen in two rooms, and the efforts of a newly married couple to build up their own dwelling in a night on the waste-land. If they can get the roof finished before the police come round, the building is theirs by law. The poor wedding, the bride changing from her dress in the car, the honeymoon journey by bus, the overcrowded bedroom at the end: all seems set for satire and sympathy, but the last at any rate comes in short measure. Perhaps De Sica has flirted too promiscuously with the public as an actor, or perhaps neo-Realism and the conditions underlying it were already on the way out: the result, anyway, is disappointment. I don't mean that *Il Tetto* shouldn't be seen. Its counterpart in English talents would bring the skies down.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Modern Art in Scotland

Thirty years ago a Royal Commission considered the demand for a National Gallery of Modern Art in Scotland. Only now a compromise has been reached. Part of Inverleith House, Edinburgh, a residence of the Regius Keeper of the Royal Botanic Gardens, has been adapted to house a collection of paintings and sculptures of this century – much of the collection very different from the expectations of some members of the Scottish Modern Arts Association, who have grown old agitating in the cause. There is a healthy emphasis on the work of today already passing into the work of yesterday.

To keep abreast of the *avant-garde* – Appel, Say and Riopelle – and the younger Scots is plain sense. But where to begin? One of the first purchases out of the new gallery's £7,500 grant has been Sickert's *Israel Zangwill*, while the loans – most of the works in the present collection are loans – include such orthodox favourites as that early flower piece by Picasso in the Tate, and a Vlaminck landscape (1908) from Manchester. The leading movements can be traced through the Fauves, Cubists, Surrealists to the abstract and action painters. We must, however, await the larger gallery, for which a site has been set apart in the centre of Edinburgh, to see modern Scottish art unfold from the start of the century to the work of William McTaggart, Gillies, Maxwell, Joan Eardley, Colquhoun, Gear, Pulsford, Davie and the rest.

The visitor cannot see in Inverleith House, for example, how good a portrait painter the post-Impressionist S. J. Peploe was, or discover, with a shock of surprise, how the very last paintings of the elder MacTaggart carry looseness to the pitch of Monet's cathedrals and waterlilies.

For the full range of modern Scottish painting it is still necessary to go to Kirkcaldy and elsewhere in Scotland, and to the London dealers. But the Inverleith Gallery does bring together a few works of such Scots as Robert Colquhoun, William Gear and William Crozier, whose paintings are nowadays seen more frequently abroad than at home. Colquhoun's *Mater Dolorosa* has a wonderful balance of sign and matter, of a distinction no less than De Staël's.

Faced with the task of turning a dozen or so rooms of a medium-sized house into a museum of contemporary art, Mr David Baxandall and his colleagues have wisely retained something of the domestic air of the building. The eye strays from the thorny plant forms of Graham Sutherland, the burnished brass of Zadkine's *Three Graces*, the exquisitely modulated austerities of Ben Nicholson, to the birches and limes and rhododendrons outside. Scotland has at last acquired the most idyllically situated of all art galleries.

JOHN TONGE

The Face of Prison

Obsession with crime is as chronic in our society as the thing itself. Every now and then this chronic condition becomes acute. The present seems to be such a moment. The world's criminologists are in congress in London; the latest Home Office statistics of indictable offences have caused the usual buzz of alarmed comment; for the first time in my life I have been sent a review copy 'with the compliments of The Chairman of the Prison Commission'; and for the first time in history – and unthinkably, surely, only a few years ago – television cameras and interviewers have been allowed inside British prisons, and prisoners have been seen recognisably (with their permission, of course) and heard expressing fairly uninhibited views.

The review copy is of the first issue of the *Prison Service Journal* (HMSO, 6d) – edited at the Prison Service Staff College, Wakefield, and printed, presumably by prisoners, at Leyhill, the open prison in Gloucestershire. This *Journal* will not be entirely to the taste of the harder-faced old 'screws': it prints, for instance, an eirenic article by Hugh J. Klare. On the other hand, it also prints a long review of Mr Klare's recent book by Sewell Stokes, in which, in the course of an attack on 'progressive reformers' and the whole idea of the rehabilitation of prisoners, Mr Stokes makes this significant statement: 'Two prison governors I met, each of whom spoke his mind in no uncertain terms (*incidentally each of them has since become a Prison Commissioner*) was [sic] of the opinion that to expect the average inmate to come out of prison a better man than he went in, was nonsense . . .' (My italics and [sic].)

Even the most progressive reformer, however, will agree with the literal sense of this opinion, in the context of British prisons as most of them are. A refreshing aspect of Christopher Mayhew's BBC series *Crime* is that it has not glossed over the noisome horror of such overcrowded local prisons as Armley gaol at Leeds, or the asocial, amoral toughness of many prisoners whose strength of personality makes them influential in the nightmare 'community' of prison: such men, if they saw it, probably watched last month's ITV programme *Prison Officer*, with its emphasis on 'dedication', even more cynically than the old-style screws did. (Some Wake-

Note for next week selected programmes from

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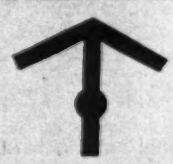

ITV Monday 15 August, 6.13

WHO GOES NEXT?

CROSSMAN, MUGGERIDGE
FLETCHER – COOKE

Views on the news of the day

ITV Monday 15 August, 10.35

APPOINTMENT WITH

the Rt. Revd,
GEORGE PATRICK DWYER

Malcom Muggeridge interviews
the Roman Catholic
Bishop of Leeds

ITV Thursday 18 August, 5.00

FOUR FEATHER FALLS

The Children's Western with a difference

ITV Thursday 18 August, 10.35

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

Discussed by J. P. W. MALLALIEU

ITV Friday 19 August, 9.35

ON TRIAL

The Tichborne Case

GRANADA TV NETWORK

field prisoners, having agreed to take part in a 'group-counsel' session for this programme, and having expressed themselves freely and seriously, were disappointed – I think justly – that their voices were faded out while a commentator explained what group-counselling was.) Interesting as much of *Prison Officer* was, it suffered as television from being, basically, recruiting propaganda. One instructor must have been chosen for his portentous obviousness: 'I want you to remember at all times that *keys* are one of the most important factors in the security of a prison.'

I hope the prison officers didn't mind being lined up with prisoners, in the second of Mr Mayhew's series, for a viewers' identification parade – the purpose being to show that prisoners do not necessarily look 'criminal' or 'abnormal'. I don't know how accurate the viewers' guesses were, but I think the point was proved; though, if there is not a 'criminal type', there does seem to be, among those who have been inside for some time, a 'prison type'. In some of the faces presented to us, too, it seemed possible to discern the emotional (not necessarily intellectual) immaturity characteristic of so many people outside as well as inside prison. As Mr Mayhew's expert put it, 'the wave-pattern in some prisoners' brains is shown by electro-encephalology to be similar to that of children'; or, as the famous Victorian soap advertisement put it, 'He won't be happy till he gets it' – and he gets what he wants, by stealing it or, if he's luckier, by HP. Mr Mayhew was neatly snubbed by one approved-school boy, whose motives he tried to probe: 'Why d'you think you take these vans, and not other boys?' The boy simply said: 'A lot of the boys can't drive'.

Mr Mayhew's statistics were simple but useful. Three million crimes will be committed in this country in the next five years. Seventy-five per cent of all prisoners serve the whole of their sentences in the 37 local prisons. The latter point is important just because reform and rehabilitation are almost impossibly difficult in these hell-holes. Perhaps, when Polaris or Skybolt goes the way of Blue Streak, Mr Butler will be able to grab the £12m needed for the projected building programme.

At least viewers will have been startled by the contrast between the best and the worst in British prisons. Not that this is entirely a matter of the physical environment: Dartmoor is severe enough to look at – but when I was talking recently to a man in a local prison (in which he had been in solitary confinement, for 23 hours a day, for seven months), and he said that he might in due course be moved to Dartmoor, and I said (having the layman's idea of Dartmoor, which is almost as false as the layman's idea of Alcatraz), 'That'll be pretty grim, won't it?', he retorted, bridling, 'Dartmoor's a *wonderful* prison – you know where you are there – not like *this* dump . . . They don't know if they're coming or going, here!'

By contrast Wakefield sounds almost Utopian. I recall a letter from a prisoner in which, describing a performance by a visiting ballet company, he said: 'It was the best ballet I've seen since coming to Wakefield.'

TOM DRIBERG

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Correspondence

LABOUR'S CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

SIR, – In his article in your issue of 6 August, Mr R. H. S. Crossman has a case which may legitimately be argued. Why, then, does he have to spoil it by inaccurate abuse of people who happen not to agree with him? Disapproving as he evidently does of one passage in the editorial of the recent special issue of the *Political Quarterly* – a passage which he quotes with the omission of certain essential words in the middle – he dismisses the 11 contributors as 'Croslandite revisionists to a man', links the *Political Quarterly* itself with the *News Chronicle*, the *Guardian* and the *Economist*, and with the 'right-wing extremists' who feel that the present mechanisms for reaching decisions in the Labour Party are not entirely satisfactory. The 11 contributors are quite capable of defending themselves against Mr Crossman's charges, though several of them are more than a little surprised at his description of them. They were certainly not selected for their uniformity of outlook; indeed, the one thing they have in common is that they are all relatively young and outside the ranks of the party pundits. Six of the 11 have been Labour parliamentary candidates. If, from their widely differing viewpoints, they come to broadly similar conclusions (which were certainly not imposed on them by the editors), that in itself is of some significance for the future of Labour thinking.

Mr Crossman seems to think that the editorial (incidentally, why does he make such a point of its being unsigned? Editorials usually are unsigned, being the responsibility of the editors) was in favour of the total independence of the Parliamentary Labour Party from conference, and forecasts what might happen following a defeat of the defence policy which he himself has helped to formulate. Yet we specially pointed out that an overwhelming defeat on a vital issue (as defence certainly will be at this year's conference) would be sufficient to shake the Leader's position. Also, if he will refer to my own article later in the issue he will find it stated that the arrangement proposed (i.e. of greater autonomy for the Parliamentary Party) 'presupposes that the broad policies of the party should be acceptable to the people who need to be brought into it and kept as active members . . . The leadership will not, if it is wise, allow itself to get too far removed from the members.' What he is attacking is not what we said, but what he would like to think we said so that he could attack it.

After nearly 30 years of active constituency party work I should be one of the last to minimise the place of the constituency parties. But (and I speak here purely personally) I am intensely worried that the attempt now being made by some people to arrogate to the constituency parties powers that they have not traditionally exercised will be bad for the party inasmuch as it will make the process of decision-making even more difficult than it is. I am aware that there is a fundamental difference between Mr Crossman and myself on how important it is for decisions to be made. If I understand his recent Fabian pamphlet correctly, he believes that it is not essential for the party in opposition to behave as an alternative government; thus the only decisions that need be made are on broad principles, to be applied in detail when the party comes to power. I believe that in a long period of opposition in which the prospect of power is remote the party will simply decline into ineffectiveness; good men will not seek election to parliament, and the public will lose interest. Behaving like an alternative government does not mean simply claiming to do the Tories' job better than they do. It does mean (if I may again quote the *Political Quarterly* editorial) that 'the party must be a continuous threat to the government, ready with distinctive policies and with the will to take office when the moment comes'. That implies that the party in parliament must be able to come to decisions quickly when conditions change, showing a flexibility of approach which at present it cannot do. Conference will, in such a case, still be the watchdog, ensuring that the boundaries of principle are not overstepped. But it will not be called upon to take binding decisions on matters of detailed policy on which, by reason both of its composition and the shortage of time available for discussion, it is not equipped to decide.

The weakness inherent in the present structure of the party is nothing new; as Mr Crossman rightly points out, it has merely been masked in recent years by the consistent support of the big unions for the leadership. What has brought things to a head is the break in union unanimity. What worries me is not that conference may disagree with the leadership – I disagree myself on several issues, including defence – but that the over-assertion of its claims to determine policy will make it impossible to have a policy at all. Hence the plea for a modified relationship of conference to the leadership and the Parliamentary Labour Party, not by way of any constitutional amendment or other such elaborate device, but by an understanding between the two as to where the powers of each begin and end, with the balance more towards the Parliamentary Party than at present. Some such improvement is in my view essential if the Labour Party is to remain an effective opposition, a genuine alternative government, and not to decline into a mere debating society in which points of principle will be argued over in a setting wholly removed from political reality.

T. E. M. MCKITTERICK
Joint Editor

The *Political Quarterly*
2 Hanway Place
W1

SIR, – My attention has been drawn to the injustice which I perpetrated on Mr Merlyn Rees in my last week's article on Labour's constitutional crisis, when I described the contribu-

tors to the last *Political Quarterly* as 'Croslandites to a man' and quoted an unsigned editorial as summing up their attitude to the Party's constitutional problem. Mr Rees assures me that he is not a Croslandite and that his views are not summed up by this editorial.

This delights me. I have the greatest pleasure in penning this correction.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

House of Commons

VISION! VISION! MR WOODCOCK!

SIR, – I am sure that on the executive of every trade union in the country are men and women who have every desire to respond to Arnold Wesker's appeal. There remains however the problem of how, officially, they can harness the machine behind this excellent venture. The rules of most trade unions tie up in a number of ways the finances of these bodies, and consequently trade union executives will be reluctant to provide the substantial finances that may be required to assist exhibitions, plays, concerts, etc., to develop trade unionists culturally.

This effort must make its appeal to the basic units of the trade unions, the union branches, the district and area committees; and once it has captured their imagination, then the financial problems will not be so difficult to solve. I am positive that in many areas, if trade unionists could attend exhibitions, concerts, plays, even ballet and opera, sponsored by their own organisations - even if it took place only two or three times a year, it would bring colour into what is now drab. It would create interest on the part of families of trade unionists who would realise that the trade union branch was not, as they often feel, a place of escape for serious husbands, sons, and relatives.

S. ELIAS

SIR, – Arnold Wesker's call to the trade union movement to sponsor 'art as a common heritage' will strike many responsive chords, but it may not be appreciated that some trade unions are already deeply involved in this endeavour.

At all levels in the nationalised coal industry, the trade unions take an executive part in the direction of the Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation and have had much practical experience in the cultural field. Travelling drama groups of professional players have been sponsored, amateur groups encouraged, and drama schools and festivals arranged in mining communities. Operas, musical comedies and concerts are produced in our Welfare Halls. Art exhibitions and competitions are organised. Brass bands are our concern, and we run contests and festivals for both bands and choirs. With an eye on the whole man, we encourage athletics, boxing, games and holidays. Scholarships are given to people with an academic bent, and musicians, artists and writers have been helped. We seek, too, to make the lives of our sick and disabled comrades as happy and complete as circumstances will allow.

My purpose is not to discourage the Arnold Wesker approach but to point out that the coal industry, with the full and enthusiastic support of trade unionists like Sir James Bowman, Arthur Horner, Ernest Jones and Will Paynter, together with many more, is doing in great measure what Wesker seeks to do. The progress made varies from activity to activity, and from place to place. But progress is made and, in making it, we seek to integrate our activities with those of the wider community.

BERT ATKINSON

Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation
5 Hobart Place
SW1

SIR, – Since the article in your issue of 30 July, we have been bombarded with requests for Arnold Wesker's two pamphlets on 'Labour and the Arts'. Could you therefore please announce that the Oxford address of *Gemini* has been changed to: 1 Hiham Green, Winchelsea, Sussex; and that the cost of the pamphlets is 8d apiece post free.

N. P. TANBURN

A NEW WAY INTO THE MIND

SIR, – It was with considerable interest and a little apprehension that I read Mr Miles's article in the NEW STATESMAN, 30 July 1960. Unfortunately, the latter emotion proved to be the more correct in this instance. I would have thought that any article purporting to be a factual account of the progress and treatment in medicine and psychiatry would have steered clear of controversial and opinionated material. However, Mr Miles, though no doubt with the highest motives, unfortunately assailed us with a conglomeration of half-truths, misstatements and logical fallacies.

His rather woolly approach is exemplified in describing 'subjects suffering from a neurotic illness' without any attempt to specify what this means to him or the researches involved. His statement that treatment 'was frequently followed by an immediate improvement' gives no estimate of the proportion of success and its possible duration in terms of prognosis. But particularly his assertion that 'now *for the first time* a drug could be used to help the sufferer to face and root out the cause of his illness' is without any basis in fact. As a point of interest, many drugs and techniques have been used in this manner in the past, using the technique which he himself later describes in the article - 'abreaction'. Sodium Pentothal, Sodium Amytal, Carbon Dioxide and also Methedrine, which he describes as used with LSD 25, have all in the past been used in this manner. The fact that Methedrine alone will sometimes produce similar abreactive phenomena must certainly give rise to speculation when it is used in combination with LSD 25.

The assertion that the one effect of LSD which is not seen in any other phenomenon is 'an extraordinary state of lucid contemplation in which the patient examines his problems . . . and which results for some in an experience of a mystical and even deeply religious character' is too closely akin to be coincidental to the phenomena described initially by Pavlov and his workers in Russia and more recently by Sargant during and after the war, and described by him in his discussion of religious conversions and brain-washing techniques.

The description of the possible side-effects and dangers of treatment with LSD 25 is commendable but not nearly rigorous enough to deter unwarranted enthusiasm which his article might arouse. In view of all that has gone before it, his statement in the final paragraph that 'the people most likely to make effective use of it are those whose basic personality is sound' is, to say the least, startling.

Let it be clearly understood that this letter is not to be in any way construed as an argument against the use or investigation of LSD 25 but merely a plea that, in any similar articles in future, as rigorous and scientific an approach should be used as is no doubt adopted in the research of this drug. The reading public can then draw its own conclusions. Let us be careful that a new way into the mind is not an old way into ignorance.

STANLEY GOLD

SIR, – It is to be hoped that the enthusiastic appraisal of the drug LSD 25 in the therapeutic treatment of neurosis ('A New Way into the Mind') will be borne out by future success. As a patient who was selected for and underwent the full treatment with LSD in a therapeutic group 12 months ago, I feel that Robert Miles has overstated his case. It would be interesting, for example, to know what percentage of patients decide that they do not need further treatment after 'six or eight weekly sessions' with LSD and have sufficiently improved after, say, six months to continue without further help.

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Of the 14 patients who took this drug with me, and almost all of them had 'made a reasonable measure of adjustment in life', the majority are still receiving treatment of other kinds. Of the many other patients with whom I have spoken, not one apparently has experienced so marked an improvement from the treatment as your article suggests, although undoubtedly many of them have benefited from LSD.

That considerable enthusiasm is characteristic of a patient undergoing this treatment is undoubtedly true. His experiences can be so different from anything he has hitherto encountered in life that he is apt to overestimate their ultimate value. It is only some time after treatment that the patient can properly evaluate the situation. That the final result will be 'deep and lasting' is a matter of conjecture. My personal experience was that the feeling of well-being and relief induced by the treatment was short-lived.

BARRIE JONES

c/o Marlborough Day Hospital
38 Marlborough Place
NW8

MORGAN IN THE MIRROR

SIR, – I have read with interest, concern and some irritation Vice Admiral Baillie-Grohman's letter about Charles Morgan and his book *The Gunroom*.

Though as president of the gunroom mess of HMS Monmouth during the years in question and as a life-long friend I can claim to have a fairly close knowledge of Morgan's mind – both during his naval days and later – I am not principally concerned to challenge your correspondent's personal assessment of his potentialities as a naval officer – though I disagree with those views, as would, I believe, many of his immediate contemporaries. If, however, a young man of outstanding intelligence and with Morgan's record as a cadet (to which the Admiral refers) lost all interest in the navy (as the Admiral claims) during two years at sea as a midshipman in a 'smart and happy' ship on the China station, might not some of the blame rest with the conditions then ruling and which Morgan attacked in *The Gunroom*?

It is, of course, true that many of the incidents in that book are not and do not pretend to be factual reporting on life in HMS Monmouth or of Morgan's experiences in his earlier appointment (of which latter the Admiral proudly admits to know nothing). But it should surely be recognised that though the book had a definite purpose and a specific case to make on it, it was nevertheless a work of fiction. He claimed that in the navy of that time there still lingered in the minds of a minority of naval officers the belief that a midshipman's life and training should resemble those of Mr Midshipman Easy. He believed that in a modern fleet this attitude towards highly trained young men of university age was a wastage of good material and altogether detrimental to the interests of the service.

That he over-stated his case in *The Gunroom*, that he later regretted the book's publication and that he wished the title to be erased from the canon of his work is true; but I submit that the change that has taken place, since his days at sea, in the treatment of midshipmen and the conditions of their lives afloat shows that there was some substance in his protest.

I have on countless occasions during the last 40 years discussed with Charles Morgan the reasons that led him to publish *The Gunroom* – a publication that I struggled to prevent – and I believe myself to be better qualified to speak than is your correspondent when I challenge his opinion that the book was written as a result of 'a psychological reaction from his failure to "make good" amongst his own contemporaries in the Monmouth' – for in the eyes of his contemporaries there was no such failure even though Morgan eventually elected to be a writer rather than a naval officer.

That he did so elect has sometimes been cited as inferring a sense of hostility to the navy. Such is very remote from the truth. Of one particular aspect of naval training in his own days he was, admittedly, a critic; and maybe his criticism was that of an angry young man, but his respect and admiration for the navy was, I can assure you, as sincere and as profound as was his love of France. It was to the Royal Naval Division that he volunteered in 1914 and it was his one ambition throughout the second war to be working for the navy in whatever capacity they would accept him.

Maybe if Admiral Baillie-Grohman had not been 'Midshipman's Nurse' and if he had known Charles Morgan on a less official footing, he would not have accused him of a lack of a sense of humour. Those who knew Morgan well enough to be entitled to speak of the man – as opposed to the writer or the naval officer – know that assertion to be without any foundation whatsoever.

H. C. ARNOLD-FORSTER

Salthrop House
Wroughton

THIS NANNY

SIR, – Mr Watkins is quite correct in pointing out that he and I have never had the pleasure of meeting. My remarks to Mr Whitebait about *Spare the Rod* are indeed third hand, but I had never suggested that they were otherwise. The opinions on which I had quoted him were reported to me by Mr Ronald Neame, the director with whom I had worked on the script. True, even a director of Mr Neame's integrity may suffer from lapses of memory, but since he told me the outcome of his interview with Mr Watkins within an hour of its being held, it is unlikely that he would have forgotten (and I refuse to believe that he would have misrepresented) the substance of it. And the substance was so startling that I recorded it in my notebook at the time.

Not only did Mr Watkins consider in his professional capacity that 'a film which showed the moral deterioration of a teacher and conditions of indiscipline in a school' could only be made with an X certificate, but he pointed out that certain scenes would have to be cut altogether and expressed his private surprise that a director of Mr Neame's standing should wish to make the film at all. He went so far as to say he didn't believe that schools such as the one I had depicted in *Spare the Rod* could possibly exist. While I do not question his sincerity about this, I feel that with his Tonbridge, Christ Church and Wardour Street background, he is not very well placed to judge. If this does not amount to putting pressure on a producer not to make a certain film, I don't know what pressure or censorship is.

True, there is still only my word for what Mr Watkins actually said at the time, six long years ago. Mr Neame, alas, will not comment, since he is a member of the professional body which put Mr Watkins in his job and being a gentleman in the best sense is inhibited in this matter. He was in fact rapped over the knuckles by certain colleagues for daring to write a letter to the *News Chronicle* in 1954 protesting in general terms against the application of the X certificate. In any case, he is at present out of the country and cannot be produced in evidence.

But if there should be any doubt of Mr Watkins's private attitude to *Spare the Rod*, let us consider some of his public pronouncements about it. The *News Chronicle* ran the original controversy for several days in December 1954 when Mr Watkins was quoted as saying 'there will be riots in the schools if this film is made', and referring by an unexpected flight of imagination to teachers being portrayed as 'sadists'. 'It could have a bad effect on children to show teachers being devalued' (a sight which children see nearly every day of their lives), he told the Nottingham *Evening Post* in February 1955. And to Mr Alan Brien in *Truth*, January 1955, he gave the masterly judgment 'it shows the children getting the upper hand and terrorising the master' (precisely what it did *not* show). 'The way I look at it is this: it is all very well for adults but would parents at home discuss the failings of the children in front of their children? No, they would wait until they had gone to bed, wouldn't they? Then it must have an X.'

If only *Spare the Rod* had been about a spot of adultery amongst teachers as in *The Browning Version*, or if it had shown the brutalities 100 years ago as in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* or if it had been a hermaphroditic romp like *The Belles of St Trinians* or if it did not offer any criticism at all of educational authority – how different the story might have been. The truth is that no British film has yet been made containing any *real* criticism of authority in this country in this age, and none ever will be while Mr Watkins and his like stand cloddishly on guard.

MICHAEL CROFT

SIR, – About censorship and *Spare the Rod:* in the winter of 1956-57 I tried to get this subject into production. A draft treatment along the lines of the original novel was prepared and submitted to the censorship office. Mr Watkins wrote to me that such a film was likely to receive an X certificate because ' . . . the inefficient running of a school and the moral deterioration of its teachers through their inability to control children are not, in our view, subjects to be debated in the presence of children of school age.' In subsequent discussion he made perfectly clear there was no objection to a wholly adult film being made. I would like to add that in these discussions Mr Watkins was always courteous, sympathetic, and quite level-headed about *Spare the Rod*.

My likely distributors, however, were interested in the film only if it carried an A certificate (which admits children if accompanied by an adult). So it was all that simple. No A certificate, no guarantee of distribution. No guarantee, no film finance. Collapse of project.

JOHN HAGGARTY

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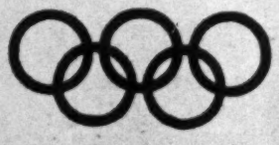

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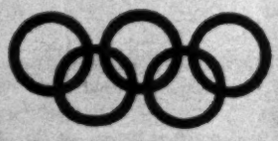

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Three Centuries of Organised Science

J. D. BERNAL

The celebrations of the tercentenary of the Royal Society are over. The ceremonial robes have been returned to the cupboards or the costumiers, the dinners have been digested, the speeches forgotten. And yet, for once, something real and important had been celebrated. It was nothing less than the birth of modern science as an organised institution. This fact, however, was not in evidence. Indeed, every effort was made to slur over the concept of organised science in favour of the achievements of individual men of genius. This fits well with the present concept of the function of the 'Royal Society of London for the Improving of Natural Knowledge'.

Apart from its traditions, the Society has in fact dissolved into the sum of the work of its Fellows. These Fellows include some of the men and women who are doing or have done the best research in the country and often in the world. Though all appreciate the honour of election to the Fellowship, the Society itself has no concern with their work nor have they, except very occasionally, to do anything with it or for it.

The society no longer aspires to lead the great advances of the new scientific age. Rather does it aim at presiding benevolently over them, awarding its much sought-after medals, administering a few research funds, organising interesting discussions and acting as a liaison body with organisations of science abroad. If we were to look today for the equivalents of the original Royal Society, we would find them rather in Moscow and Peking than in London. It is there that academies, linear descendants of the first of scientific societies, have ceased to be honorific bodies and become the general staff of a planned effort of hundreds of thousands of research workers.

Nevertheless, what concerns us here is not what the Royal Society is now, but how and why it originated. Of the volumes under review, the first, *The Royal Society, its Origins and Founders**, is essentially an official compilation, beautifully edited and produced. It consists of a series of short biographies of the 21 founders of the Royal Society, most by working scientists who have evidently grown to know and love their particular forerunners. Those of Wilkins by Bowen and Hartley, of Wren by Summerson, of Boyle and Digby by Fulton, of Evelyn by De Beer and Hooke by Andrade, are specially illuminating and well written.

Despite the wealth of historical and biographical material it contains, this volume provides little clue as to the meaning of the great events it records. This is in part deliberate. Most of the contributors adhere to the modern nihilistic school for whom history is just an assembly of facts and for whom it would be heresy to search for any general meaning.

It is emphatically not the view of J. G. Crowther. In his *Founders of British Science*†, as in his essay in the *Scientific World* (Vol. IV, 2, 1960), he addresses himself to the central question of why modern science, which can be traced back to the humanist movement in Italy at the end of the fifteenth century, should only have found its formal organisation in England 150 years later. Crowther's book, which forms a natural sequel to his *Francis Bacon*, is also a set of biographies, restricted to four of the original Fellows of the Society, Wilkins, Boyle, Wren and Hooke, but includes as well those of Ray, the founder of modern botany, and the incomparable Newton. In contrast to the official biographies, Crowther's book offers everywhere an interpretation of the same facts in terms of the history of the times and indicates their bearing on present-day science. Such views are likely to be anathema to the academics but very stimulating to the young scientists of our time.

The third contribution, by Margery Purver and E. J. Bowen, FRS (‡), though small, is highly relevant because it attacks the long-held belief based on a statement by Wallis, a founder Fellow in 1675, that the 'first *Ground and Foundation* of the Society was in London about the year 1645 (if not sooner)'. The authors assert, following Sprat, that it was founded in 1649 in Wadham College, Oxford. Dr McKie, in the official volume, will have none of this and impugns Sprat's competence as being a second-hand authority.

Here is a fine quarrel for scholars, and perhaps before the fourth centenary comes round, the Royal Society will have discovered definitely how and when the idea originated. We know enough now, however, to understand why the company of 21 men on 28 November 1660 decided to found a formal Society. It was a conjunction of circumstances arising directly out of the Restoration compromise. The original Fellows had come from two seemingly diverse groups, themselves products of the disturbance of the civil war. It is not very important whether the men who were to meet in 1649 in Oxford, were already, in 1645, a Society or merely a group of friends meeting at Gresham College. In any case, that institution, already founded in 1598 by Queen Elizabeth's financial agent for the purposes of teaching in English and Latin such subjects as Physics, Mathematics and Navigation, provided both the place and the men who first brought to England the inspiration of the new science of Italy and France. Already, England could boast two major scientific works: Gilbert's *De Magnete*, 1600; and Harvey's *Circulation of the Blood*, 1638, made by the respective physicians of Queen Elizabeth and Charles I. These, however, were isolated efforts. What made the men of the 1640's feel that something else was needed? Here the impulse was definitely that of Bacon whose *Novum Organum*, of 1620, pointed decisively to the need to organise science.

The influence of Bacon's writing was everywhere evident and his picture appears beside the bust of Charles II in the frontispiece to Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*. It is no accident that Sir William Petty, the author of *Political Arithmetic* and one of the Royal Society, was the secretary to Hobbes, in turn the secretary to Bacon. Further, it was Petty who later brought the young nobleman Sir Robert Boyle, 'father of chemistry and uncle to the Earl of Cork', into touch with the more academic men who were to form the Fellowship.

The transfer to Oxford in 1649 was an irony of history. The moving spirit of the new body, Wilkins, had been imposed as Warden on Wadham College by Parliament in the place of an expelled Royalist. Wilkins was no natural scientist, though now his idea of 'Universal Character' bids fair to be used as a basis of electronic translation. But he appreciated science and drew round him in Oxford, with complete political impartiality, men such as Wren, Boyle and Hooke, who were to do the real experimental work.

The parliamentarian convictions of the founders of the Royal Society are now being slurred over in the present celebrations as effectively as they were in 1660 but with less reason. Then it was a matter of trimming sails to the new wind, an operation which was carried out with complete success. It was possible because of the addition of 'divers Eminent and Noble Persons upon His Majesty's Return, we were by His grace and favour *Incorporated* by the name of the Royal Society . . .'

The new adherents were, however, by no means there for ornament. Most of them, like the King himself, had spent many years of exile on the Continent and for lack of other occupation had turned to the cultivation of mathematics and experimental science. Sir Robert Moray, a Scots soldier of fortune and no mean alchemist, was made the first President of the new society. Viscount Brouncker, the next President, was an original mathematician and one of the founders of ballistics; even that old swashbuckler, the credulous and romantic Sir Kenelm Digby, made valuable observations on the growth of plants.

Better still, they brought with them invaluable connections with the new science on the Continent. Sir Robert Moray knew Huyghens and Pascal intimately: he even collaborated with them in a premature scheme to introduce an omnibus service in London, Amsterdam and Paris. Sir Robert Boyle had been in Florence when Galileo died and his main work continued that of his successor Torricelli in the discovery of the vacuum. Even the King, though he never actually

* *The Royal Society, Its Origins and Founders.* Edited by HAROLD HARTLEY. *Royal Society.* 35*s.*

† *Founders of British Science.* By J. G. CROWTHER. *Cresset.* 35*s.*

‡ *The Beginning of the Royal Society.* By MARGERY PURVER and E. J. BOWEN. *Oxford.* 2*s.*

attended a meeting of the society, gave it his patronage and a mace. He was also a bit of a scientist on the side: he had a laboratory of his own – George III was the only other English monarch to have one – and his great concern with the Navy led him to an interest in navigation and ship building which was, according to Burnet, 'exact rather more than became a prince'. Certainly, if he did not provide the Society with apparatus, he gave them problems to solve; one of them, to find a reason 'why the sensitive plants stir and contract' when touched.

If the compromise of the Royal Society enabled natural science to be pursued in spite of political differences, it also established it as an institution which throughout the vicissitudes of succeeding centuries never disappeared, though it came near to doing so in the mid-eighteenth and mid-nineteenth centuries. Not only that, it has served as a model, together with its near contemporary, the French Academie des Sciences, for all the subsequent academies of the Old and New world, the prototype of organised science. Through the indefatigable secretary, Oldenburg, a correspondence was maintained with scientists in many countries. Soon correspondence proved not enough and Oldenburg, in 1665, brought out the first number of the *Philosophical Transactions*, the originator of the vast flow of periodical scientific literature of today.

The net product of this corporate effort of experimental science was an advance over a wide front never before seen and not to be matched again until the end of the eighteenth century in the time of the industrial revolution. From Boyle and Hooke's work on the vacuum came the knowledge of gases that, physically, was soon to give rise to the steam engine and, chemically, to an understanding of combustion and respiration. The development of the telescope led to the understanding of optics and celestial mechanics that was to lead to Newton's great works on light and gravitation. Hooke's *Micrographia* gave the first insight into the structure of living things, while Willis contributed to the understanding of the human brain. On the social side, we have Petty's foundation of economics and Wilkins's successful efforts to prune the English language and to make it, in Sprat's words,

> a close, naked, natural way of speaking: positive expressions, clear senses: a native easiness.

Experiment, discussion, publication and criticism, were all the fruits of the Royal Society of 300 years ago; fruits of which its inspirer Bacon would have fully approved. If the Society itself has passed most of these functions on to other bodies, it still remains as the expression, in the words of Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, of the continuity of science:

> There are communities in time as well as space. The most original minds, in some sense isolated in all contemporary groupings, find their true affinities in continuing the sequence of their predecessors, and their fulfilment only in their successors.

Poet's Licence

Gone Away. By Dom Moraes. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

I do not expect Dom Moraes set out to write a temperance tract, but that is what he has done. The greater the charm and talent, the more interesting the places visited, the greater the annoyance when everything is muddled and cheapened by the irrelevance of alcohol. I started to count the pages on which drinks were introduced into this beautifully written story and having reached more than twenty in the first forty pages I gave up. Brandy, Scotch, cocktails and hangovers are like a silly tuneless refrain incongruously running through a finely conceived poem. The book should be called An Awful Warning: Sign the Pledge Before it is Too Late.

Twenty-four-years-old, a poet who has won the Hawthornden Prize in England, Dom returned to his native India with a reputation which did not depend on the fame of his father, who is about the best-known figure in Indian journalism. Dom had the entrée everywhere. His record of Nehru's kindly and disconnected conversation, when he wants to be friendly but is mainly thinking of something else, strikes me as highly skilful, and his talk with the Dalai Lama (wrongly said by the publisher to be the only interview given by the Dalai Lama to a foreign visitor since he took up residence in India) does excellently convey the youthful spirit and unaffected warmth of that most remarkable of contemporary exiles.

Dom starts in Bombay, admirably catching the atmosphere of art and politics that Mulk Raj Anand so naturally creates around him. I am afraid he is also telling us no more than the truth when he describes an Indian college where the students, who seem to be without interest in their studies, show more racial intolerance to Africans than the English ever showed to Indians.

This book is, however, only partly truthful. I do not mean that Dom embroiders for artistic effect; nor that he tells the truth by fiction as a novelist can. He muddles fact and fiction. To confuse ostensibly factual reporting by making his friends and hosts participants in fictitious and sometimes discredible incidents is unjustifiable as art, fun or journalism. You have to sort out the mélange for yourself. His first account of his behaviour when drunk is worth a hearty laugh, and I envy the brilliance of his description of the superb drive from up the river Teesta to Gangtok, and he finds moving words to describe the death-bed scene of a real poet who was, to my knowledge, much beloved in Khatmandu. But no one need believe the story of how he and Ved Mehta discovered girls in their beds when they stayed with a recognisable Rana, who is represented as saying, when untruthfully told that his guests suffer from gonorrhoea, that it happens to everyone and is good for potency. I will also take a bet that he and Dom and Ved Mehta never rode horses in the Nepalese mountains and I don't believe much of Dom's conventional account of what happened in the brothels, which, as western visitors, they assumed to be the natural places to visit in search of copy.

There is nothing at all about Indian villages or the ways ordinary Indians live. Dom is content to be an Oxford journalist looking for bright stories in a strange country with whose aspirations and struggles he shows no particular sympathy. He makes thoughtless second-hand criticisms of Nehru's Chinese policy, but the nearest he comes to trying to understand it, is when he drives up the road from Gangtok to the Chinese frontier – which you can do when the snow permits. I can see that it was tempting to end the book with an exciting story of going over the frontier and escaping capture by running from a pursuing Chinese patrol. But I don't for a moment believed it happened. Judging from the blurb the publishers have swallowed every word for fact. Dom talks about returning to India when he is 'older, stiffer, less drunk, more settled'. As he has great gifts as a reporter and can find phrases that only a poet finds, I hope he returns before he is either stiff or settled. I also hope he is less drunk because the penalty of drink is that wit flies out of the window and that one becomes a bore – which Dom at twenty-four is not.

Kingsley Martin

Georgian and Modern

Collected Poems. By Andrew Young. *Hart-Davis.* 25*s.*

A Common Grace. By Norman MacCaig. *Chatto & Windus with Hogarth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The World I See. By Patric Dickinson. *Chatto & Windus with Hogarth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

English literature has a ready-made niche for Canon Young; he is a parson-poet. He stands in the tradition of Skelton, Herbert, Herrick, Crabbe, Keble and Hawker of Morwenstow. Do these poets have much in common, apart from their ministry? Not much, perhaps; intellectually, their sympathies were as broad as the church they served. So far from being fanatics in religion, it was merely one among a variety of interests (George Herbert is the exception). They were a clerisy rather than a priesthood; their duty was to edify rather than to convert. If they added little to theology, they were excellent botanists, archaeologists, etymologists, entomologists. And it is arguable that they served humanity better as scholars and as gentlemen than as ministers of religion.

It seems to me quite wrong, therefore, to apply the word 'mystical' to Canon Young's verse (as does the blurb to his *Collected Poems*). No church has been shier of mysticism than the Church of England: George Herbert was a great Christian poet, but not a mystic. Nor is Canon Young. Indeed, following the tradition, Canon Young is not even primarily a religious poet. His subjects have varied little over half a century and they reflect the tradition well: he records the life of the English countryside, the marks of pre-history, and the ways of beasts and birds. The great majority of poems in this definitive collection (charmingly illustrated with wood-engravings by Joan Hassall) are concerned with nature. They are observant, and reflective; the thought is always clear, the diction is studiously simple. The great virtue of this poetry is its modesty. If Canon Young's verse shows no development to speak of, at least he has never overreached himself. In a neurotic age, there are not so many writers of whom this can be said.

But there are penalties, too, in not being of one's age. Canon Young's poetry is essentially Georgian; and the Georgians, whatever their rediscovered merits, were living on borrowed

time. The penalty is the extremely limited freedom of movement. Thus, while Canon Young gives us an individual stanza that arrests and pleases, the sum of a poem may be disappointingly conventional. The first two stanzas of *In Burnham Beeches* –

Walking among these smooth beech-boles
With cracks and galls
And beetle-holes
And ivy trickling in green waterfalls,

I noted carvings on their barks,
Faint and diffuse
As china-marks
On Worcester or Old Bow: I wondered whose –

are excellent, and very typical; but we are let down badly by the triteness of the final stanza:

I feared that time had played its part
With those whose token
Was a twin heart,
So many hearts the swelling bark had broken.

It is not only the thought that is trite here, it is the mode of expression; you cannot put new wine into old bottles.

By contrast, any schoolboy nowadays can place Mr MacCaig's poetry as 'modern'; it has the required complexity; it is tortuous, tough and metaphysical. And by metaphysical I mean more than merely conceited, in the neo-Empsonian manner. These poems show a genuine epistemological concern; they are about the relation between the observing eye and the observed object. Lest this scare the potential reader, let me add that the epistemological concern would be barren if Mr MacCaig's language were not almost adequate to his ambitious theme. Almost, because there are one or two bad slips. At its best, though, Mr MacCaig's poetry has the strength of Mr Thom Gunn's most successful pieces, and, indeed, one suspects influence here:

The bird flies in the mind, and more than bird:
Time dies somewhere between it and its flight.
The bird flies in the mind, and more than mind:
Sunset and winds and roofs enrich the light
That makes it bird and more than bird, till they
Can never fly away.

But the best and worst are near neighbours; this poem continues:

Queer sparrow this, the sparrow that it is.
And what a passion that can turn away
To a brown bird from gods and goddesses
And find it being what they fail to say
To me – whom, doubtless, time will one day pack
In his deep haversack.

The thought here is clear enough, yet 'find it being what they fail to say/To me' seems an awkward, prosy way of putting the matter; and it would be too kind to call the final 'pack – haversack' infelicitous. The faults of Mr MacCaig's verse seem to me faults of taste. One would not find Canon Young describing a stream 'pot-holed with beer and shallowed with lemonade', or saying of a jug that 'it madly flourishes flowers'. These faults are the more heinous in that Mr MacCaig is capable of writing poetry of quite remarkable power.

This is evident, I think, if one compares Mr MacCaig's poetry with that of Mr Patric Dickinson in the new series of Phoenix Living Poets. Mr Dickinson's intentions are not, in cold prose, very different from Mr MacCaig's: he is concerned to analyse that deceptive phenomenon, 'the world I see'. But though a smoother and more experienced practitioner, his linguistic resources are far less. He can write, in *A Meditation by Devoke Water*:

The magnificent native scene
Is hardly changed and yet
You'll never see quite what I mean
Or quite what a Dane saw.

This is, surely, Wordsworth by Housman out of Baedeker. To be fair, many of the lake poems are pleasant enough; they tinkle merrily along. But what of this, from *Invocation to Love*?

Then come by Jodrell Bank
And come by Calder Hall
Through the sound barrier
Burst heart-whole.

Isn't this Day Lewis, vintage 1935? But it is not easy to be fair to Mr Dickinson, or to any man who can rhyme Babel with Abel, even in a poem on Hiroshima. Poetry should be of its age, certainly; and ours is an atomic age. But you can't hope to fight the Bomb with conventional weapons, can you?

JOHN MANDER

What about the Victim?

Restitution to Victims of Crime. By STEPHEN SCHAFER. *Stevens.* 25*s.*

'I think that the penal reform enthusiasts would make better headway', said a magistrate recently, 'if they showed the same tender concern for the victim as they do for the offender.' It doesn't matter who he was – the punitive school have been saying it for generations. This is therefore a book of the utmost importance, for the effect of its recommendations on the criminal law of England could be revolutionary without, it seems, presupposing a revolution in popular thought.

It was in medieval times that the victim became the Cinderella of the criminal law. The violent greed of feudal barons and medieval ecclesiastical powers, says Dr Schafer, took away the rights that victims had enjoyed from the very dawn of legal history, and began inflicting a double vengeance upon the offender by 'forfeiting his property to themselves instead of to his victim and then punishing him by the dungeon, the torture, the stake, or the gibbet.' A return to the salutary practice of 'punitive restitution' has been advocated many times (and with total futility) during the past hundred years, particularly at international penological congresses. We have always preferred to go on locking up the offenders, or paying their fines into public funds.

In 1891, at Christiana, the International Penal Association resolved

> that modern law does not sufficiently consider the reparation due to injured parties; that in the case of petty offences, time should be given for indemnification; and that prisoners' earnings in prison might be utilised for this end.

But it wasn't until Margery Fry, a year or two before her death, raised the matter as one of urgency in the treatment of crime, writing articles, inspiring others to do the same, writing to MPs, financing small research projects out of her own slender resources, working out for herself the actuarial details which she always pretended not to understand – it was not until then that the simple sanity of the idea began to commend it even to 'reformers'. It may have lacked the emotional thrill of a public resolution calling for the restoration of flogging, but it began to be heard at more and more annual conferences of the movements concerned with social well-being, particularly the women's organisations. In 1959 the Home Secretary declared in his famous White Paper on *Penal Practice in a Changing Society* that 'the assumption that the claims of the victim are sufficiently satis-

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fied if the offender is punished by society becomes less persuasive'; and he entrusted the author of this book with the job of examining and reporting on 'the legal aspects of restitution to the victims of crime'.

Meanwhile Mr R. E. Prentice, MP, produced a 'Criminal Injuries (Compensation) Bill' giving to injured victims of criminal violence the same benefits as those provided for victims of accident by the National Insurance (Industrial Injuries) Act, 1946. At its second reading on 28 May this year, this Bill was adjourned because, said Mr Dennis Vosper, 'the Home Secretary is giving urgent consideration to the matter – it is an important measure, but one of much greater proportions will be required'. Dr Schafer's book, which is in fact his report to the Home Secretary, must present the chief claim to Mr Butler's attention, for nothing comparable to it has ever appeared before and it establishes its case beyond serious dispute.

After a survey of the 'restitution' laws (or the lack of them) in 29 countries, showing that the existing provisions are mainly dependent on the victim's own initiative in separately and privately invoking non-criminal procedures, Dr Schafer finds them all inadequate and offers his own recommendations. Restitution by the offender, he says, should not be dependent on the lodging of a claim by the victim – the Court should deal with restitution as a part of its duties. Since in some complicated cases this might 'delay justice' by holding up the purely penal part of the sentence, the court should be empowered to pass a 'part sentence' of ordinary punishment while the money liability was being calculated. This would be based on the offender's 'social position, personal circumstances, and reasonable but minimum standard of living'; and it would then be collected in the same way as income tax. There would be a national Compensation Fund, with an income from 'fines and other sources', for cases where the offender could pay little or nothing himself.

For a year or two now, since Margery Fry took it up as her last 'good cause', it has been difficult to imagine that the whole idea will be shelved once again. Dr Schafer's work has surely made further delay impossible.

C. H. ROLPH

MUSIL

Announcing the third volume of his tetralogy "The Man Without Qualities" entitled "Into the Millennium" (The Criminals). This great novel has been hailed by such distinguished critics as Edwin Muir, V. S. Pritchett, Anthony Powell, John Lehmann, etc., etc., as a major contribution to European literature of the twentieth century. Volume III will be published on August 22nd at 35s.

MUSIL

Secker & Warburg

The Masque of Italy

Venice. By JAMES MORRIS. *Faber.* 30*s.*

In an essay entitled, significantly, 'Out of Venice at Last', Vernon Lee complained of the trouble it gave her, when in Venice, to 'isolate the enough'. By adoption and preference she was a Florentine and at that time there was, as perhaps there still is, among foreigners and Italians alike, a pro-Florence and a pro-Venice faction: Florence for the mind, Venice for the senses. Her gibe at Venice might equally well have been directed at Florence, one would have thought: for in Florence, too, there is enough and to spare. But out of doors, at any rate, it does not clamour for attention as Venice does. Out of doors its assault upon the eye is easier to resist: some are even repelled by it. Florence may have more jewels than Venice has, but their setting is much less beguiling.

To isolate the enough . . . If Mr James Morris had concentrated on a few aspects of his subject his task would have been lighter; but he doesn't, he takes a comprehensive view that includes history, geography, topography, climate, culture in the wide sense, culture in the narrow sense, churches, palaces, pictures, painters, personalities – past and present – social life, moral state, industries, cats (he is particularly well-informed about Venetian cats). Little that the word 'Venice' can call to mind escapes his purview. He sees it panoramically (many of the photographs are taken from the air), and he sees it microscopically. Between the wars I knew Venice well, and even the very humble palazzino, opposite the church of San Sebastiano, which I occupied, gets a mention. Others much grander, the Palazzo Albrizzi and the Palazzo Mocenigo di San Stae, two of the few palaces in Venice which, in my time, had been lived in by the same family for centuries and were still kept up in style, he passes over: perhaps he is not a palace-addict. But in the few instances where I was able to check his knowledge by mine I was astonished by his accuracy: he even knows about the vicious dogs at the tiny island of St George in the Seaweed – descendants, I suppose, of those that barked at me.

Roughly, he divides his survey into sections dealing with different aspects of Venice, but these are not self-contained, they interpenetrate and fuse. Mr Morris possesses in an enviable degree the multiple awareness which Venice demands. In the Piazza:

> There are faces everywhere . . . a tide of faces, wondering, irritated, delighted, amorous, exhausted, pouring constantly from the funnel of the Merceria. And all round you before the clock stands the core of this great daily crowd, chattering and expectant, a turmoil of cottons, dark glasses, conical hats, guide books, thonged sandals; a clutch of honeymooners, a twitching of children, a clash of tongues – 'all the languages of Christendom', as Coryat said, 'besides those that are spoken by the barbarous Ethnicks'; here a stiff Englishman, trying not to gape, here a jolly soul from Iowa, every ounce a tourist from the enamelled ear-rings dangling beneath her bluish hair to the tips of her pink-varnished toe-nails. All is shifting, colourful, and a little sticky, as it must have been in the heyday of the Venetian Carnival, when this city was the revel of the earth, the Masque of Italy, a boast, a marvel, and a show.

Would the carnival, which took place in January and February, have been 'a little sticky'? But let that pass. Besides the whole gamut of Venetian life resounding through Mr Morris's pages we find many recondite and fascinating details of information: how many piles of wood the old Campanile stood on, for instance, and how the Ponte della Donna Onesta got its name. How the Calle Seconda delle Pazienze got its name, he doesn't tell us. I always translated it to myself as the 'Second Street of the Patiences' – 'Pazienza!' being an exclamation so often on Venetian lips that one street-full would hardly meet the need for it. I now suspect the name refers to a religious order.

Family life, especially among the *popolo*, is much in Mr Morris's thoughts, and he takes the conventional view, which indeed is borne out by appearances, that Venetians, like other Italians, are devoted to their children. But my gondolier (all gondoliers are boastful) once told me that he had rescued 20 children from drowning and no one had ever thanked him. Such casualties are rare, but should they happen, the local paper is at pains to exonerate the parents: 'Mario So-and-So, aged four months, having succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his mother, fell into the canal.'

Mr Morris's book is so full of good things said both by himself and, with due acknowledgments, by other writers, that faced by the task of quoting, one despairs of isolating the enough. I liked his apt, if unkind, description of Palladio's church of the Redentore as 'an antiseptic fane that nobody loves', and of a hot day in early summer, when 'Venice is one great itchy palm.'

He brings to whatever he is writing about all the resources of his temperament and sensibility. On the whole, he is much more appreciative than critical. One may differ from some of his judgments: he calls Verrocchio's equestrian statue of Colleoni 'incomparable' and 'unrivalled', whereas many good judges prefer Donatello's less histrionic figure of Gattamelata at Padua. He says (and justly): 'More slush has been written about Venice than anywhere else on earth, . . . Venice is paved with purple passages.' Passages could be found in his book, too, where enthusiasm has betrayed him into hyperbole and excess – as if he felt that the gorgeousness of Venice must be reflected in his prose. But such lapses are rare, and always redeemed by his respect for and delight in facts, and by the accumulated imaginative energy he has put into presenting them.

L. P. HARTLEY

An abridged, one-volume edition of Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice* (21s), edited by J. G. Links, and reduced from the original 450,000 words to 250 pages, but retaining some of Ruskin's own illustrations, is to appear from Collins 15 August. *Venice* (Batsford, 27s 6d), with an introduction and commentaries by Anthony Thorne, is a collection of colour photographs of buildings and architectural details by Kurt Otto-Wasow.

The Legend of Santiago

Saint James in Spain. By T. D. Kendrick. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

In Spain, and elsewhere possibly, there are many people who believe that after the Crucifixion St James the son of Zebedee travelled from Palestine to the north-west corner of Spain to preach the gospel, and then returned to Jerusalem where his head was cut off by the orders of Herod Agrippa; and that two of his faithful disciples rescued his body and sailed back to Galicia where they buried it. Thereafter the Roman Empire fell, the pagan Visigoths conquered the country and were followed by the infidel Moors. Some 750 years after St James's death his tomb in Galicia was providentially revealed to the local Bishop, who made pious and practical use of his discovery: Compostela became a resort of pilgrimage and in its heyday in the Middle Ages attracted as much traffic as any other shrine in Christendom. For Spaniards the holiness of the tomb of Santiago (as they call St James) was exalted by patriotism and gratitude, because they believed, and do to this day, that the Saint had appeared in person on a horse at some great battle against the Moors and slaughtered his way to a Christian victory; for which feat they nicknamed him Matamoros – the Moor-killer – and honour him as their national saint and hero.

This learned book by the ex-Director of the British Museum examines the historical evidence for these pious beliefs with a scholarly persistence and a dispassionate consideration worthy of a less dubious enterprise. When Sir Thomas Kendrick roundly asserts 'At least it is humanly possible that St James visited Spain', most of his readers will throw up their hands in amazement. 'The rest of this part of the Santiago story comes very near to being incredible.' Far from being incredible, a great many people staunchly believe it, and would probably go to the stake in that belief; although, of course, belief never makes fiction into fact. 'Those who believe in miracles can safely assert that St James *may* have manifested himself in those early days to a Spanish army in action.' (Angels of Mons defend us!) And Sir Thomas goes on to try to identify the particular battle in which St James might have manifested himself for the benefit of those who believe in miracles. From the welter of unhistorical legends one damaging fact emerges. St Julian of Toledo wrote a book in the seventh century about the apostles in which Santiago never pays a visit to Spain. Seeing the amount of ecclesiastical forgery practised in medieval monasteries, the failure to touch up St Julian's manuscript appropriately seems almost in itself another miracle.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Santiago became involved with the Immaculate Conception. The Spaniards passionately espoused this doctrine whereas the Italian Popes mistrusted it. So a posse of forgeries was called in to help in the good cause. In 1595 near Granada a cache of lead tablets was unearthed, supposedly 1600 years old and purporting to show, not only that the earliest Christians acknowledged the Virgin Mary's Immaculate Conception, but that Santiago had called in at Granada on his way to Galicia. Sir Thomas gives short shrift to such hocus-pocus. (Even the Popes refused to be browbeaten by these fabricated arguments, and declined to swallow the doctrine for another 250 years.) Where the facts can be plainly established he is an excellent historian; and his erudite account of the clerical intrigues and jockeying for position among the Spanish hierarchy during the Marian controversy is much the most satisfactory portion of the book.

Ralph Partridge

An Eclectic Jungian

The Integrity of the Personality. By Anthony Storr. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The author of this interesting essay is a medical psychologist and a psychotherapist of the Jungian school. He is eclectic in his views and accepts several psychoanalytical tenets. He has some of the balanced detachment of Duke Senior, seeing truth in Freud, brilliance in Fairbairn, reason in Klein – also psychosomatic fact in Kretschmer and Sheldon.

He is writing, you assume, for the general public but he makes no overt efforts to popularise. By temperament he seems to be more of a literary intellectual than many psychiatrists; he is able, anyway, to avoid the swamp of the medical style with its anaconda-like sentences. He eschews mystical flights and does not quote his master Jung very often; when he does he quotes him with effect. An example of the way he manages fruitfully to keep a foot in both camps is his use of the Jungian classification of extroverts and introverts in combination with Freudian ego psychology. He maintains that the fear of being abandoned by the object is characteristic in extroverted types of patients, such as hysterics and cyclothymes; whereas in obsessionals and schizoids – introverts – the basic fear is of being dominated by the object.

Some of his own thinking seems to be markedly dialectical:

> The infant is, in one sense, a whole; for, in its solipsistic isolation, it is itself, no less, no more. 'Nearest then to Tao is the infant'. But its entire spontaneity rests upon the fact that its only relationship with people is one of total dependence, which, in the most primitive stage, is not a relationship at all, since other people are not distinguished as separate objects but treated as part of the subject.

Perhaps the least satisfactory chapter is the one on 'Psychotherapy and Indoctrination'. Here he seems to move over from his attitude of quiet detachment and objectivity towards accepting the attitude towards 'brain-washing' adopted by protagonists in the cold war. But this is surely also subject to some of the fanaticism, in reverse, or obverse, of the other side. I may be quite wrong but I seem to detect or fancy I detect here some of the side-effects of Dr Sargent.

The key to his interpretation of the function of the psychotherapist is contained in his view of the child's need of 'above all, the security of an objective love which is unconditional, a love which, by accepting him as he is, enables him to become himself in the full flower of his individuality'. This is where the psychotherapist comes in by providing the background of emotional security. One is reminded of Ferenczi's latter-day dictum that the analyst's love cures the patient. H'm. There are one or two holes to pick; but the prevailing impression that Dr Storr makes is of usefully integrated person with a talent for performing feats of summation.

Maurice Richardson

Serengeti Shall Not Die
BERNHARD GRZIMEK
Introduction by ALAN MOOREHEAD
'Important and beautiful and magnificently illustrated.' – JAMES FISHER *(Broadcasting).*
'Probably the best made book we shall see this year . . . excellent illustrations.' – DAVID HOLLOWAY *(News Chronicle). Lavish colour plates. 30s*

2 books by **ALAN ROSS**

Through the Caribbean
The MCC in the West Indies, 1959-60. *Illustrated. 21s*

South to Sardinia
A guide, both poetic and practical, to the island. *Illustrated. 21s*

The Strategy of Peace
SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY
The Democratic candidate for the U.S. Presidency records his views on all the outstanding political issues, international and democratic, of the day. *18s*

HAMISH HAMILTON

EVERGREEN BOOKS

Just out:

The Connection JACK GELBER
A sizzling play about drug addiction which is still running Off-Broadway to packed houses.
'. . . the only honest and balanced work ever created by a Beat Generation writer.' *New Republic.* 12s 6d

The Creative Vision
Brecht, Lorca, Sartre, Durrenmatt, Gide, Giraudoux and Malraux among others, examine their own work and the creative impulse that made them write. 14s 6d

Evergreen Review 12
New stories and poems from John Logan, Anthony Kaye, Diana Athill, Alexander Trocchi and Ferlinghetti; an excursion into the visual arts (with full colour plates) as well as the full text of Edward Albee's play *The Zoo Story*, in this outstanding number of America's liveliest little magazine. 5s

Recent Titles include:

Selected Poems BERTOLT BRECHT 14s 6d
Vandover and the Brute FRANK NORRIS 17s 6d
Pedro Paramo JUAN ROLFO 9s 9d

Evergreen Gallery Books:

Nicholas de Staël DENYS SUTTON 14s 6d
School of New York B. H. FRIEDMAN 14s 6d

17 SACKVILLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Teacher's Rostrum

Shaw on Theatre. Edited by E. J. WEST. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

This book is the latest addition to an American series called 'Dramabooks' and it is edited by a rabid Shavian who approvingly quotes some other rabid Shavian's appraisal of Shaw as 'the man of the century'. It consists of a random collection of letters to actresses about acting, speeches at luncheons and prize-givings, the appendix to *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, rightly cut out after the first edition, bits of interviews, contributions to the Malvern Festival Book, and a lot of articles about play-writing, censorship, Shakespeare, the economics of Shaftesbury Avenue, reviewing, how to write stage directions and, of course, Shaw.

You feel most sympathy for him when you see him taking up the cudgels for Ibsen and against the actor-managers. You feel least sympathy when you see how much he relishes his chances to get up on the teacher's rostrum. Whether he is lecturing Janet Achurch on how real ladies behave or McNulty on how rehearsals should be conducted, he always seems to take pleasure in making the lesson more elementary than he needs to.

Not that didacticism was unnecessary. Even now we haven't learnt all the lessons he was teaching. The anomaly of the censorship is still there. We still have no National Theatre and we still need subsidies, for it is still true that the tendency of the commercial theatre is to keep good plays off the stage. And it is still true that 'the cheaper parts of the London theatres are below the standard of comfort now expected by third class travellers on our Northern railways.'

But more often the book makes you think of the changes that have taken place since Shaw was writing – many of them partly because Shaw was writing. In the Nineties there was an enormous gulf between Ibsen and everything else in the English theatre. Shakespeare was still mutilated. Cibber's *Richard the Third* and Garrick's *Katherine and Petruchio* were still being played. There were no producers to speak of, and even the leading ladies were treated as supporting cast by the actor-managers.

As theatre history, though, this book can't stand as a sequel to *Our Theatre in the Nineties.* Nor is the criticism on the same level. One measure of Shaw's quality as a reviewer is the clarity with which he can reproduce a performance for a reader who never saw it. He not only convinces you of Duse's superiority to Bernhardt, he very nearly makes you think that you saw them both and preferred Duse yourself. But in *Shaw on Theatre* there is relatively little about performances and some very wild statements about the 'stupendous superiority' of *The Madras House* to *The Way of the World* and of *Man and Superman* to *The Country Wife.*

RONALD HAYMAN

New Novels

Berthe in Paradise. BY BERTHE GRIMAULT. Trans. LUCIENNE HILL. *Allen.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Insufficient Poppy. BY D. J. ENRIGHT. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Three from Minikoi. BY KJELD ABELL. Trans. A. I. ROUGHTON. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

The Beaches of Hell. BY BOYD COCHRELL. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

Mlle Berthe Grimault, it will be remembered, burst upon the world as the 17-year-old daughter of illiterate French peasants who wrote a novel, *Blood on the Straw,* in which the heroine throws her sister's illegitimate dead baby to the pigs. Mlle Grimault was taken up by Mrs Hugh Orr-Ewing who apparently wanted to give her 'sufficient education and perhaps secretarial training . . . and make it possible for her to continue writing books . . . away from a rather sordid background.' It became clear, however, that Berthe was not cut out to be an Eliza Doolittle, and in any case she put the lid on it all by announcing that she hadn't written the novel at all. It now seems common ground that she writes her books with the help of the village postman, a M. Eliezer Fournier.

Well, all this is the plot both of Mrs Orr-Ewing's preface to *Berthe in Paradise* and of the novel itself; and of the two I recommend Mrs Orr-Ewing's preface, because although she writes as if she were launching a ship, it has the merit of telling the same story in about a fiftieth of the space. The peasant-postman combine have produced something on a level, for literary merit, with a schoolgirl's essay on a visit to the zoo. Even as a young girl's fantasy – there is some extra-mural stuff about seals and lions in the school grounds in Mlle Grimault's side of the story – it is completely unremarkable and the only reason I dwell on it at all is because I think it is high time publishers concentrated on producing novels as novels and not as some kind of gee-whiz roll-up show in which, it seems, we are invited to marvel that the author can write even his own name. Being a peasant is nothing new: at any literary gathering nowadays it is practically impossible to move for novelists whose parents were illiterate. But surely one of the great things about today's literature is that they write as novelists and not as clever little cockneys, and I can't see why Mlle Grimault and her friend, if they are going to write at all, can't do the same.

If we can move on now to novels written without the help of the village postman, *Insufficient Poppy* has insufficient plot. Mr Enright gives us Roderick, a businessman in Bangkok who exports snakes on the side, and his friend Harry, with whom he shares a taste for opium and argument. They take up with a has-been cowboy-filmster called Colorado Kid, a relationship that leads to Harry's suicide. Roderick, who has hitherto concentrated more on looking after No. 1, finds that Harry has left him the larger human dilemma by way of a legacy; and that, so far as plot goes, more or less wraps up the novel. The rest of the book is taken up with a kind of *Sunday Times* series of travel jottings, observations on opium, snippets of low life, 'Notes towards a comparative study of cultural attachés', and little squibs such as 'MEMO: We should respect the neutrality of the poor and ignorant.' Mr Enright gives us snapshots, with a few captions, the object being to show the 'sweet and sour taste' of things as they exist. But it doesn't add up to the novel it could have been.

Three from Minikoi is a weird one all right, concerning as it does a man on a slow boat to China with his girl friend and three ghosts from the pink gin era of the British Empire, Bella, Archie and Virginia, who were drowned off a leper colony northwest of Ceylon 20 years ago. The narrator arrives in the new China – it's seven years after the establishment of the People's Republic – and ghost Bella comes too, looking for an Englishman called John who went to China to fight. But John is married to a Chinese girl, and we leave Bella on her way back to the leper colony, taking with her a vision of the Chinese hordes overrunning the Savoy grill.

This is an interesting, if infuriating novel. In style it alternates between wooden interior monologue and sudden, vivid flashes of descriptive prose; the story unfolds through an effective, hallucinatory haze, but is spoiled by annoying mannerisms such as a tendency to say perfectly ordinary things twice ('The voice, that voice' – 'Some ice, ice for a whisky' – 'The saloon! The pictures in the saloon.') What Mr Abell is getting at besides giving us a picture of the old and new China, I am not sure; but as Bella herself says in one of the narrator's earlier dreams:

> 'They always want to make some point, these authors. Something which has nothing to do with the plot. He does too. But what? I don't understand it.'

Mr Cochrell has had what at first sight would appear to be the attractive idea of rethinking the familiar long, breadlike American war novel about the Pacific campaign in which the hero gets wounded or killed, thus, in the words of the blurb to *The Beaches of Hell,* reducing all those perplexing plot dilemmas. What the author has unhappily forgotten is that if the hero is not to get killed, something else exciting has got to happen to him. Very little does. The end of the novel sees Private Willy, unkilled, sailing home to the future: 'He felt no wild elation.' I did, though, because I think the Okinawa landings must have been re-enacted for just about the last time in American fiction.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,590 **Set by William Salter**

The entrance to the London Zoo bears the legend 'Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo'. The usual prizes are offered for a set of verses (maximum 20 lines) using this sentence as a refrain. Entries by 23 August.

Result of No. 1,587 **Set by L.W.B.**

A current advertising campaign in the national Press shows a cigarette packet superimposed on a facsimile reproduction of a page from a 1900 edition of the paper concerned. Competitors are invited to extend the campaign by composing suitable extracts

DAVIES INVESTMENTS
LTD
BANKERS
GROSS ASSETS £2,000,000
are paying 7½% p.a. interest on deposits for the seventh year in succession, with ½% added annually on each £500 unit.
Details and Audited Balance Sheet from Investment Department N.
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DANES INN HOUSE 265 STRAND
LONDON WC2

(limit 120 words) from a 1900 edition of one of the following: NEW STATESMAN, *Radio Times, Time, Daily Worker, Woman.*

Report

In the actual advertisements which inspired this competition, pages from '1900 editions' were invented in the case of papers not in existence at that time. Allan M. Laing hit the right note by including a letter to *Woman* in 'This England':

> It is, to say the least, not cricket for men in dun-coloured clothes to mow down British soldiers in full scarlet regimentals from the safe cover of rocks and kopjes.

Woman was the target most favoured by competitors, and fashion notes vied with advice to the lovelorn and hints on knitting for the boys in the veldt. Radio and television programmes featured Keir Hardie being interviewed on *Panorama* by Ludovic Kennedy (Margaret Coward) and on the Third 'the recorded voice of Aubrey Beardsley reading extracts from an unpublished erotic romance' (Ian Allen). The *Daily Worker* growled at the high cost of living: 'Dinner out a tanner; whisky 3s. 6d. a bottle; fags 5d. for 20' (L. K. Bluntmore), and advised the Russian comrades to practise restraint until after the inevitable Western Revolution (Lyndon Irving). *Time*, disappointingly, was not tried. Most of the runners-up quoted Critic, among them Martin Fagg:

> Having known Herb Kitchener for many years, I can vouch for his rather surprising vein of frank, bluff humour. He is really far less formidable than his habit of suddenly staring and pointing at you might suggest.

I suggest the prize money be divided equally between the entries printed below.

RADIO TIMES

Woman's Hour

'I am Planning for Life,' Marie Stopes, a foresighted teenager, talks on her young idea.

'Waiting for Winnie,' by a dear friend of one of our gallant Officers fighting for Queen and Country in Darkest Africa.

'How the Memsahib keeps the Flag flying.' The woman's part in Empire Building, by Rudyard Kipling.

'I can't do without 'em!' Frank Harris gives an amusingly instructive account of different feminine types and their little loving ways.

Third Programme Talk

'My Friends!' by James Whistler.

An Appreciation of two, alas, recently departed – Oscar Wilde and John Ruskin.

TV. Face to Face

Robert Ross introduces the famous Sportsman and Bouquet Arranger, the 8th Marquis of Queensbury. Drawings by Beerbohm.

I. M. DORNAN

WOMAN

Crawlie's Column

The little Princes had such fun last week digging in their own little garden. David and Bertie don't mind a bit getting hot and dirty. Just as if they were ordinary children!

David would like to be a Writer when he is older. 'They must make lots of money,' he said seriously to his Great Grandmamma. But we know, don't we? that he is destined for a greater and more glorious future.

Cookery Corner

'Feeding Bernard', Mrs Shaw, the attractive wife of the charming writer, gives us the recipes of six of his favourite salads. 'Bernie is the easiest man in the world,' she says laughingly, 'not a bit faddy.'

I. M. DORNAN

Dear Aunt Cissie,

I have just met ever such a nice young man named George Smith. He is a real gentleman – very clean (a great believer in regular baths) and *so* thoughtful. Would you believe it? – I have only known him twenty-four hours and already he has taken out an insurance policy on my life. Now he wants to make me his bride. Should I agree?

Dear Reader,

You are right to hesitate before embarking on matrimony, for these can prove deep waters. However, we must all risk it some day, sink or swim! And as he is bound to sweep you off your feet before long, my advice to you, dear, is – take the plunge!

MARTIN FAGG

NEW STATESMAN

London Diary January 1900

I've been peering into the crystal ball, over Mr H. G. Wells's shoulder. We agree the brave new world is really in sight, this time. We see, for instance, a Labour Government in office by 1910 at the latest, with Keir Hardie as the first working-class prime minister of the United Republic of Great Britain and Ireland. Then alternating Labour and Liberal governments for perhaps a decade. But once the country has tasted real socialism, I doubt, with the splendid growth of mass education, whether a capitalist party can ever hope to win a general election again – by fair means, anyway. As for the Conservative party, by 1920 children will know it only from their history books.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

DAILY WORKER

Pretoria, 20 February. Our Special Correspondent with the South African Republican Armies wires as follows: The retreat of the imperialist troops continues, and evidence accumulates of their desperate use of dum-dum bullets and other barbaric methods of warfare. Their movement is being effectively hindered by our partisans, many of them now supplied with weapons recently arrived from Germany and other peace-loving states. I have interviewed many prisoners, and forward herewith some letters for their kinsfolk. Even the officers, who show the usual truculence of the upper classes, generally admit to being impressed by the democratic qualities of their Boer captors and the warmth of affection that is evinced by the blacks for the very mention of the name of Kruger.

HENRY PELLING

City Lights

Flurry of Bids

Even in the lonely dog-days a takeover bid can provide the newspapers with copy and rejuvenate the punters, rushing up prices when the market is shuffling its way sedately round; and this, which should have been one of the dullest weeks in the City's year, has been a week of bids.

To begin with the largest, Electric and Musical's £11¼m. bid for Morphy-Richards. The affair began last week when the M-R board announced out of the blue that Mr Morphy had sold out his ten per cent holding to EMI without consulting his colleagues and that negotiations between the two companies had been broken off; the next day EMI made its bid, an extravagant one. It is clear now that the stories of a split on the M-R board were well founded. The company has made its mark by selling well-made electrical appliances more cheaply than its competitors; its remarkable recent success seems to have been due largely to the fact that it was able to increase production of its Astral refrigerators as soon as HP restrictions were abolished.

But refrigerators are now in even greater glut than other consumer durables: Hoover's home sales were 35 per cent down in the two months following the reimposition of HP controls, while Ada (which makes washing machines and refrigerators) has announced profits 40 per cent down, despite higher sales, for a year which ended before controls were reimposed. M-R is in the middle of expanding its refrigerator capacity still further, and it is not surprising that Mr Morphy and his supporters should be ready to sink their fortunes in a group which has money and warehouse-space enough to face out the immediate storm; the only thing Mr Morphy must regret is that he sold out so precipitately and lost £300,000 by doing so.

He had no reason, of course, to suppose that the bid would be pitched so extravagantly high. The chairman of EMI is anxious

COMPANY MEETING

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

The 33rd annual general meeting of Associated British Picture Corporation Limited was held on August 5 in London, Sir Philip Warter (the Chairman) presiding.

In his statement which had been circulated to members, Sir Philip said that the Trading Profits of the Group for the year ended 31 March, 1960, at £3,760,530 were £1,674,192 less than last year when the figures were a record. The Board were proposing a total dividend of 60% less tax for the year.

In the year under review £2,347,204 of the Group trading profit was contributed by Television and £1,413,326 came from the Production, Distribution and Cinema sections.

The Group Net Profit before taxation amounted to £2,950,827 (£4,745,029).

Commenting on Film Production and Distribution, Sir Philip said: The Elstree Studios of the Corporation have, apart from the war years, been in continuous production for thirty-three years providing a flow of feature films to the cinemas and a steady level of employment.

In order to strengthen and at the same time make economies in our film distribution arrangements, we have formed, jointly with Warner Bros. Pictures Limited, a new company called Warner-Pathe Distributors Limited through which the Corporation, Warner Bros. and Allied Artists are releasing their product. The new company has settled down well and the results so far are up to expectation.

The total number of A.B.C. Cinemas at the 31 March, 1960, was 339. Following on our cinema improvement programme, more cinemas have been modernised and others are nearing completion.

Commenting on the abolition of the Entertainments Duty in the Budget this year, Sir Philip said: The benefit is immediately being felt in the current year. Unfortunately, however, the trend of cinema admissions has been downwards for a number of years and despite all our efforts continues in the same direction and unless the position can be stabilised within the next year or two the whole of the benefit gained from the abolition of the tax will have been absorbed.

ABC Television: Last year I explained the steps we were taking to improve and increase programme facilities as part of a general policy to secure the long term future of the Corporation's television interests. The first phase of our studio development at Teddington was completed at an approximate total cost of £450,000. The second phase of our plan involving a further £700,000 will be completed by the end of 1961. Taken together with our Birmingham and Manchester facilities, it will ensure that ABC Television can discharge any responsibility that it may assume as the television service expands in the future.

Referring to the current year, Sir Philip said: The trading figures for the first quarter are rather better than those for the corresponding period last year. The report was adopted.

to reduce the group's dependence on gramophone records and government electronic contracts; it has the HMV trade-mark, an excellent sales organisation, and some experience of making consumer durables; it is quite possible that the negotiations with M-R were originally concerned with no more than intelligent commercial co-operation and that EMI stumbled into its bid almost by accident. But, once there, it had to make sure of winning.

It has made bids twice recently, for a heavy electrical firm and for an engineering firm, and on both occasions was defeated in large type. This time it has gone about things more resolutely, setting its price high and buying enough shares through the market on top of Mr Morphy's ten per cent to ensure that there would be no monkeying with the votes and no counterbid. Soon, Madam, you will be able to buy an HMV refrigerator – unless perhaps Philips is ready to bid for EMI.

EMI this week has also taken over Top Rank record label from the Rank Organisation. Rank went into the record business to bolster up its falling cinema profits, but competition has been intense in the past couple of years, and it is now glad to retire.

The news of a merger between Berger and Jenson & Nicholson surprised nobody. The paint industry has never been the same since ICI decided that it could mix for itself the chemicals it supplied to other people and set up its own, highly successful paint division; since then, it has become increasingly obvious that the future lies with expensive research, expensive advertising, and big groups. Courtaulds, anxious to take over almost anything outside the rayon industry, recently bought up Pinchin Johnson, the largest of the independent paint manufacturers; and mergers became an urgent necessity if the smaller firms were to stand up to the giants. The Berger-Jenson merger is an obvious one, since the business of the two companies is in many ways complementary. It leaves three medium-sized firms and half-a-dozen small ones for the market to watch.

Another fixed-interest issue, the fourth since Bank rate was raised, has flopped and the insurance companies are getting restive. On the one hand, they feel that rates on industrial debentures must go higher if they are to compete with gilt-edged. This is obviously true; rates are bound to rise unless Bank rate comes down in the next couple of months (as it may), and a greater proportion of the weight of new issues may then fall on the shoulders of Ordinary shareholders. On the other hand, the insurance companies share the general disenchantment with fixed-interest investment and are no longer prepared to tolerate a system in which they supply the debenture capital and Ordinary shareholders take the profit; it is now normal, for example, for an insurance company to insist that part of any debenture it takes from a property company be convertible into Ordinary shares. If this mood persists it will undermine a number of conventions and considerably lessen the value of the placing lists which enable moribund banks to earn a comfortable living.

Company News

Thomson Newspapers has forecast a higher dividend, which implies a sizeable dividend on the Deferred shares which are still unquoted and entirely held by Mr Thomson and his associates: in due course, no doubt, Mr Thomson will show his hand.

Consett Iron is to consider the possibility of a dividend increase if things continue to go as well as at present when the new plate mill is in full operation.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 561. A Day To Remember

It is sixty years to the very day since Steinitz died, as good an occasion as any to remember 'the father of modern chess'. True enough, we've had 'hypermodern chess' after him which, by now, seems quite ancient. But whether we strove to occupy or merely to dominate the centre, it was Steinitz who first conceived the very idea of it and practically all basic ideas of positional chess. In remembering him this day we shouldn't forget that he died in abject poverty, driven to insanity by the worry and frustrations of his declining years. He has often been described as a most unhappy person, but I like to think that his physical and material suffering must have been compensated by his fierce pride in achievements, the lasting value of which he was very well aware of. His positional judgment was matched by brilliant combinative gifts, once the position justified him to give them free rein. Here — his brilliancy prize game against Bardeleben at Hastings, 1895 — is a famous occasion.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-B4; (4) P-B3, Kt-B3; (5) P-Q4, PxP; (6) PxP, B-Kt5 ch; (7) Kt-B3, P-Q4; (8) PxP, KKtxP; (9) O-O, B-K3; (10) B-KKt5, B-K2; (11) BxKt, QBxB; (12) KtxB, QxKt; (13) BxB, KtxB? (KxB!); (14) R-K1, P-KB3; (15) Q-K2, Q-Q2; (16) QR-B1, P-B3? (. . . K-B2, forfeiting a P was the lesser evil); (17) P-Q5!, PxP; (18) Kt-Q4, K-B2; (19) Kt-K6, KR-QB1; (20) Q-Kt4!, P-KKt3; (21) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-K1; (22) RxKt ch!!, K-B1 (forced); (23) R-B7 ch!, K-Kt1; (24) R-Kt7 ch!, K-R1; (25) RxP ch! "Black resigns" say most of the books; in point of fact (as R. C. Griffith told me who happened to be the "steward" of this famous game), v. Bardeleben rose, ostensibly to go to the lavatory; he didn't return for hours, and such unsportsmanlike behaviour robbed Steinitz of the pleasure of "announcing" the pretty mate in ten which he demonstrated to the enthused onlookers as soon as the time-limit was exceeded on his opponent's clock: . . . K-Kt1; (26) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (27) Q-R4 ch, KxR; (28) Q-R7 ch, K-B1; (29) Q-R8 ch, K-K2; (30) Q-Kt7 ch, K-K1; (31) Q-Kt8 ch, K-K2; (32) Q-B7 ch, K-Q1; (33) Q-B8 ch, Q-K1; (34) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q2; (35) Q-Q6 mate.

A rather less well known brilliancy is this one played in London 1865, one of the innumerable 'coffee-house games' played at the odds of QKt.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, PxP; (3) Kt-KB3, P-KKt4; (4) B-B4, P-Kt5; (5) O-O, PxKt; (6) QxP, Q-B3; (7) P-K5, QxP; (8) BxP ch, KxB; (9) P-Q4, QxP ch; (10) B-K3, Q-B3; (11) Q-B5 ch, Q-Kt3; (12) RxP ch, Kt-B3; (13) RxKt ch!, KxR; (14) B-Q4 ch, K-B2; (15) R-B1 ch, K-Kt1; (16) Q-Kt5!, B-Kt2; (17) Q-Q5 ch, Q-K3; (18) Q-KKt5, Q-KR3; (19) Q-Q8 ch, B-B1; (20) Q-K8!, Q-Kt2; (21) BxQ, KxQ; (22) Q-B7 ch, K-R3; (23) R-B6 ch, etc.

Finally, the famous 4th game of the 2nd title match (1892) against Tchigorin.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, Kt-B3; (4) P-Q3, P-Q3; (5) P-B3, P-KKt3; (6) QKt-Q2, B-Kt2; (7) Kt-B1, O-O; (8) B-QR4, Kt-Q2; (9) Kt-K3, Kt-B4; (10) B-B2, Kt-K3? (P-B4!); (11) P-KR4!, Kt-K2; (12) P-R5, P-Q4; (13) RPxP, BPxP; (14) PxP, KtxP; (15) KtxKt, QxKt; (16) B-Kt3, Q-B3; (17) Q-K2, B-Q2; (18) B-K3, K-R1; (19) O-O-O, QR-K1; (20) Q-B1!, P-QR4; (21) P-Q4, PxP; (22) KtxP [The point of the 20th move], BxKt; (23) RxB!, KtxR;

Steinitz now forced the win in a few moves, and this may serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners. For 6 ladder-points **B**, a win, is quite a bargain. Easy, but instructive, and one of the very few end-game studies composed by Steinitz. **C** (for 7 points) is a draw and quite a celebrated piece. It was dedicated to Steinitz, and Troitzky recalled 'how excited Steinitz was' when he showed him the study.

B: W. Steinitz, 1895: /6k1/4k3/6PP/8/7B/16/7r/.

C: A. A. Troitzky 1895: /5k2/16/3R4/6K1/8/3b2pP/8/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 22 August.

REPORT ON NO. 558 Set 23 July

A: 1) P-B5!, PxP; 2) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt4; 3) P-R4 mate; if 1) . . . Kt any; 2) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-Kt4; 3) P-R4 mate; if 1) . . . P-Kt4; 2) P-R3!! etc.

B: 1) K-Kt5, R-Kt8 ch; 2) K-R6, P=Q; 3) R-R8 ch, QxR, stalemate.

C: 1) P-Kt8 (Q) ch!, KxQ; 2) K-Q7 ch, K-R2; 3) B-Kt1 ch, K-Kt2; 4) B-B5!, Q-Kt1; 5) B-B8!! etc.

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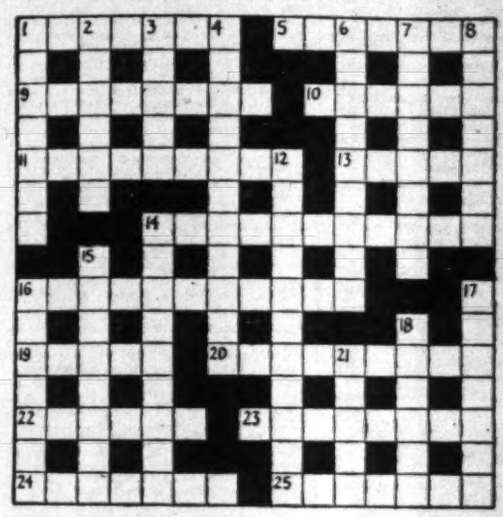
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 418, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 23 August.



ACROSS

1. Mesopotamian walk for a hiker (7).
5. Bird found in most rich countries (7).
9. The car starts making the rotter sick (8).
10. Funds produced by a tirade in school (6).
11. Packs them roughly in a rough plan (9).
13. Courts at the heart of those returned home (5).
14. Jar with circular figure or ball (11).
16. Donne's was mine own (11).
19. Goes hot during a single, like an accurate bowler (5).
20. Peter Pan and love makes something to write on (9).
22. If the dog met with a reverse, he would have to study again (6).
23. The direction of advance when fighting in cars (8).
24. Not fully clothed without upper-class restraint (7).
25. 'Ah, thought which —— while it soothes!' (Browning) (7).

DOWN

1. Reconstructs half the lawsuit during the adjournments (7).
2. Crazier plant (6).
3. I go in to ring up for a flower (5).
4. Study religious activity for a chance to enter again (11).
6. Musician partnered in a new arrangement (9).
7. Possibly no rating is uninformed (8).
8. Prisoner who has to work the earth without an animal (7).
12. Perhaps the group has not one with a projecting jaw (11).
14. Died without a relative but unfrightened (9).
15. Oriental place where there is fruit without trees (8).
16. What the volcano did, although at first it is simple climbing (7).
17. Stirs up confusion for pedants (7).
18. Afford about a bob for a few here and there (6).
21. The old man got married and was handled clumsily (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 416

C	O	W	S	L	I	P	■	A	S	P	E	C	T	S
H	■	O	■	A	■	U	■	I	■	A	■	P	■	■
A	D	O	R	N	■	R	E	S	O	N	A	N	C	E
T	■	D	■	D	■	R	■	T	■	U	■	T	■	A
T	W	A	N	G	■	S	C	R	A	P	B	O	O	K
E	■	S	■	R	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	E	■	■
R	E	H	E	A	R	S	A	L	■	C	A	P	E	R
■	■	E	■	V	■	L	■	I	■	A	■	R	■	■
P	A	S	T	E	■	A	P	A	R	T	H	E	I	D
O	■	■	■	V	■	■	■	C	■	M	■	I	■	■
D	O	P	E	F	I	E	N	D	■	A	P	A	C	E
S	■	A	■	A	■	R	■	R	■	L	■	T	■	S
N	I	G	H	T	T	I	M	E	■	L	O	U	S	E
A	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	E	■	R	■	L
P	I	N	E	L	O	G	■	R	E	D	R	E	S	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 416

A. J. Ryder (London, NW6)
Miss P. Brennen (Co. Derry)
W. H. Tyrrell (Leigh-on-Sea)

PERSONAL

'JASON'S TRIP'
on Regent's Canal.
For information
John James,
Barge Tab, Blomfield Road, W9.
Telephone: CUN. 3428 or CUN. 9869

3-YEAR old boy now in residential care, in urgent need of loving and intelligent foster-parents in London or Home Counties where he would be the youngest in the family. For further particulars apply Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, WC1.

MAN sks companions Wolseley 444 to Fr. Riviera mid Aug./Sept. Box 6262.

VENICE, Vicenza, Ravenna etc. Gent. for small mixed party, plane & car, share expenses 2-26 Sept. Box 6187.

HARROW business woman offers part-time housekeeper accommodation, partial board, for services. Box 6377.

GIRL 24 sks similar, wk/more end Aug. Hiking Scotland/Border cntry. Box 6414

WANTED: two hours French conversation weekly until Jan; up to GCE Advanced Level. Write stating rate: Box 6504

AUTHOR seeks low rent cottage September-March. Any area. Box 6513.

OBERAMMERGAU: 2 tickets 26 Aug., 110s. each. Shared accom. 2 nights – women only. Dale, 81 W Cross Lane, Swansea.

BARRISTER, practised, MA (Oxon) offers holiday plus law tutoring in Ige flat, pleasant suburb Barcelona. Full board & tutoring £12 weekly. Box 6018.

2-3 seats available in car going to Frankfurt about 19 September. Driving not essential. Box 6448.

MAN usually resident continent, would like hear from people interested in literature, travel, etc. Box 6538.

BUS. Cards 20s. 1,000. Leaflets, Letterheads. Relief Printing. Samples. Howarths Printers, New Bank St, Morley, Leeds.

BAGHDAD in new Volkswagen, September, sharing expenses. Box 6496.

POEMS wanted: Send with s.a.e.: Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

SPARE tickets. Camp accom. for 1 lady at Olympics. Evelyn Dodds. FUL 1467.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join now while guinea entrance fee is suspended. Enquiries invited about membership and flying visit 2 September to Bruges (Belgium) to the Exhibition, 'The Century of the Flemish Primitives'.

W1 (close Baker St), bed-sitters plus communal facilities. Imm. vacant furn. or unfurn. Families or single people. Co-operative venture/adventure. Box 6318.

LYRICS wanted: American company supplying station identifications to radio and TV stations wants new and fresh lyrics for jingles, which should be short, snappy, and jolly. £1 for each lyric accepted. Write to: Custom Identifications Inc. Box 37, Long Island City 3, NY, for examples and instructions.

CHILDREN'S summer holiday school. Every care. Trained staff. Write Principal, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs, Kent. Telephone Thanet 62783.

PERSONAL—continued

FINE Bechstein Grand for sale, pianist owner leaving country. Box 6605.

'AU pair'; reliable German girl, 21, studying 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Central London, beginning Sept. term. Box 6585.

5-WHEEL car, spanking condition, Morris Minor Utility 1953. Detachable bus-seat. £270 or offer. DERwent 1958.

IF there is a Power Strike, please accept my apologies for consequent photographic paralysis; if not, ring MAI. 3200 for your appointment with Anthony Panting.

ARE you a Linguist? War Resisters' International requires expert voluntary translators from English into Italian, Portuguese, French, German, Spanish. Details from: WRI, 88 Park Ave, Enfield, Middlesex.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail (1) au pair (2) req free board & lodg in exch 4 hrs. help. (3) also paying un contrib f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

FOREIGN Languages on Records Visaphone French, German, Russian (soon) £8 11s. Interpret Holiday Courses £3 12s. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish, German 37s. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley St, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 mths. ACB Ltd. 148 Walton St, SW3 KEN 1586

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PERSONAL—continued

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County Offices, Oxford.

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R. M. MARSH,
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Apply within 14 days giving date of birth, education, training, present and past appointments (with dates and salaries) and the names and addresses of two referees to the Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

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RESEARCH OFFICER OR ASSISTANT RESEARCH OFFICER

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Library vacancy. Applications are invited for the position of Assistant Librarian in charge of Acquisitions in the Sydney University Library. For preference applicants should be graduates and should hold the Registration Certificate of the Library Association of Australia (or an equivalent qualification of some other recognised library association) and have had library experience in an approved library; but consideration will also be given to applicants with suitable business and administrative experience. The salary is within the range £A2,110 – £A2,365 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Applications, giving full particulars of training and experience and the names of three referees, should be forwarded to reach the undersigned* not later than 9 September 1960. In addition, overseas candidates are requested to forward two copies of the application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, to reach him by the same date. *M. A. Telfer, Registrar, University of Sydney, Sydney, NSW, Australia.

ADMIRALTY: Civil Hydrographic Officers. 5 posts (2 pensionable, 3 initially unestablished) for men and women at least 21 and under 29 on 1.8.60 (extension for regular Forces service and Overseas Civil Service) with honours degree, preferably 1st or 2nd Class, in Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Engineering, Geology, or a kindred subject. General Certificate of Education 'A' level pass (or equivalent) in Mathematics essential; reading knowledge of a foreign language, and interest in maps, charts, and surveying methods, desirable. Salary (men, London) £655 – £1,460. Starting salary may be above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5178/60/9. Closing date 30 August 1960.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, reqd in East Division, Tottenham, East Central Division, Wood Green, West Central Division, Brentford and West Division, Uxbridge. Adequate office accommodation and clerical assistance available. Offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. There is an establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers, and a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Case-work consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for the newly qualified. PTA qualifications and salary. Established, Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars and 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen Street, SW1 by 29 August. (Quote E.75).

ASSISTANT Home Help Organiser required by LCC for duty in first instance in Hammersmith Area. Energy and ability to manage staff essential. Previous experience in running domestic help or similar service desirable. £595 x £35 – £735, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Pensionable with promotion prospects. Married women eligible. Apply Divisional Medical Officer (D1/NS/2044/8), 133 Fulham Palace Road, W6 by 30 August.

CHILD Care – Resident Housefather required at Ingleton House, Rectory Grove, Clapham, SW4, a hostel for 40 working boys (15-18 years) deprived of normal home life. Previous experience and/or Home Office Residential Child Care Certificate essential. Single accommodation only. £555-£595 (plus £30 for Home Office Certificate) less £138 for fully furnished accommodation, board and laundry. 4 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/NS/1998/8), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

THE National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children invites applications for the post of Regional Secretary, based on its Manchester Branch Office. Originally a parents' association, the Society has 240 affiliated Societies with a membership exceeding 16,000, and is now rapidly expanding its welfare, information and advisory services. The Society seeks to appoint an officer (man or woman) having a concern for the problems of mental handicap, to undertake the administration and development of its activities in the North West. Salary £850-£1,000, plus superannuation. Applications should be sent to The General Secretary, NSMHC, 162A The Strand, London, WC2.

THE Council of Social Service for Stoke-on-Trent and North Staffordshire. Assistant Organiser wanted for group of social services. Salary according to age and experience. Details and Application Forms from: The Secretary, 7a Broad Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

SUB-WARDEN required by Manchester University Settlement, with special responsibility for Youth Work. Interesting and progressive post. Residence available. Further particulars from Secretary, Manchester University Settlement, 20 Every Street, Manchester, 4.

GERMAN Shorthand Typist, full- or part-time, required by Engineering Company near Victoria Station. Five day week. Box 6469.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air freight to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa (Johannesburg), India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.
U.S.A. $9 (surface) $19 (air).

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Ceylon. Chair of Sociology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Preference will be given to experienced University teachers. The salary scale of the post is Rs.15,000 per annum rising to Rs.21,000 per annum by ten annual increments of Rs.600. If a person with sufficient experience and qualifications is not available the appointment may be made on the Lecturers' scale, the salaries of which are as follows:— Grade II – Rs.6,600 – 360 – 8,400, Grade I – Rs.8,880 – 480 – 13,200 per annum. The Council may make the appointment at any point on these scales according to qualifications and experience. Rent allowance (15% of salary in the case of a married man and 7½% in the case of an unmarried man subject to a maximum of Rs.170 and Rs.85 per mensem, respectively) will be paid. First class passages for the Professor, his wife and not more than three children will be provided. The post is not pensionable but the holder will become a contributor to the University Provident Fund contributing 5% of salary and the University adding 10%. The appointment will be for a period of four years in the first instance but may be renewed up to the age of 55 or 60. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq. London, WC1. Applications close, in Ceylon and London, on 30 August 1960.

THE United Liverpool Hospitals. Applications are invited for the post of Psychologist (Probationer). Candidates must have an Honours Degree in Psychology of a University in the British Isles or a qualification approved by the Minister of Health. The appointment will be to The United Liverpool Hospitals which comprises the undergraduate medical teaching hospitals associated with the University of Liverpool but the duties will be mainly concerned with the Department of Psychological Medicine at the Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital and will include in-patient work in the hospital's two branches, in Liverpool and at Heswall. Candidates will receive training under a comprehensive scheme lasting three years or less if they already have appropriate experience. This will include formal lectures, in-patient and out-patient experience with both children and adults, and opportunities to complete a piece of research. The scheme will be under the supervision of a Clinical Psychologist (Top Grade) who will have charge of the Board's psychological services. At the conclusion of the training period candidates will be eligible for appointment to a post of Clinical Psychologist. The salary scale for a probationer is £580 x £25(4) – £680 (the starting salary varies according to experience). The post is superannuable and Whitley Council conditions of service apply. Further details will be provided on request. Applications giving details of age, qualifications and experience and the names of three persons to whom reference may be made should reach the Secretary, 80 Rodney Street, Liverpool 1. by 29 August 1960.

RAINHILL Mental Hospital Management Committee. Rainhill Hospital, Rainhill, Nr Liverpool. Applications are invited for the following appointments from persons holding a University honours degree in Psychology or such other qualifications as approved by the Minister of Health or Secretary of State for Scotland:- Two Psychologists (Probationer Grade) Whole-Time at Rainhill Hospital. The salary and conditions of service are as laid down by PTA Circular Number 72 and is as follows: £580 × £25 (4) – £680. Experience not essential. This large Hospital caters for all kinds of Mental Illness and there is an opportunity to participate in the Liverpool Regional Training Scheme in addition to the comprehensive training offered at the Hospital. Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and experience (if any) together with the names of 2 referees to be sent to the Medical Superintendent, in an envelope endorsed 'Psychologist' and to be received not later than Wednesday 31 August 1960.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychotherapist (full- or part-time) reqd at Tottenham Child Guidance Centre, Lordship Lane, N17. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post-graduate mental health training and/or equivalent experience in Child Therapy essential. Salary (full-time) £1,290-£1,560 (male); £1,271-£1,532 (female). (Part-time pro rata or 55s. 6d. p. 3 hr session if 19 hrs p. wk or less). Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George St, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 31 August. Prescribed cond. Canvassing disqualifies. (Quote E.111 NS).

RC Caseworker required in connection with Social Work for the unmarried mother and her child. Interesting job with scope for personal initiative. Salary based on APT. Pension scheme. Applications to Canon Flood, 73 St Charles Square, London, W10.

ASSISTANT (male or female) to National Accountant, to commence duties September-October. Knowledge and experience of book-keeping up to Trial Balance. Commencing salary £350 p.a. Particulars and application form from The Accountant, Youth Hostels Association, Trevelyan House, St Albans, Herts.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years), resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Min. salary £32 10s. per month rising to £40 less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

BEDFORDSHIRE County Council. Warden and Matron required at small Hostel for Working Boys (15-18) in Luton. Details from Children's Officer, 3 St Peter's Street, Bedford.

QUALIFIED teachers, male, required immediately for work with maladjusted boys. Class approx. 10 children, friendly informal atmosphere. Salary approx. £600 per annum. Plus full board and lodging etc. Pension Scheme. Applications to the Principal, St Margarets School, Stockland, Bridgwater, Somerset. Telephone Comwich 257. (Reverse Charges excepted).

HOUSEPARENTS required, young adult spastic centre near London; full social life, congenial surroundings. Box 6398

LIBRARY assistant required by firm of consulting engineers, interested in all aspects of engineering, building and architecture. Applicants should have at least two parts of the LA Registration Exam. Exper. in a special library is desirable. Salary according to exper. and quals. Please write, giving full details, to: Ove Arup & Partners, 13 Fitzroy St. London, W1. Closing date for application, 31 August 1960.

WE have no electricity. We have no piped-water. We have 180 girls desperately needing graduates to teach them. The school is in Nigeria but we can give details now in London. Box 6534.

MEMBERSHIP Secretary (woman) required by professional association. A good mixer with experience in administration and interviewing and with the ability to conduct a considerable volume of correspondence quickly and efficiently is required. Salary range £600-£800. Applications marked 'confidential' should be sent to the Secretary, Institute of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, EC4.

LIBRARY Secretary. Applications invited for post of Library Secretary. Shorthand/typing 120/50. Commencing salary according to age, qualifications, rising to £770 per annum. Closing date 20 August. Further particulars from and applications to Henry A. Davey, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, EC1.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, S. Devon. Reqd in Sept., young woman able to help with house duties in senior coeducational boarding house in return opportunity for study, art, pottery, music, & small salary. Apply Joint Principals.

SENIOR Clerk for small Head Office. Work interesting and worthwhile. Method and initiative essential. Sal. £11-£13. Write Chairman, International Friendship League, Creswick Road, Acton, W3.

BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (Ex), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

WELL-known English Language School, London, requires full-time teacher (Beginners' to advanced English for foreigners) as from 5 September. Must be able to teach Commercial Correspondence. Ability to speak other languages and practical comml. exp. advantage. Box 6532.

MONEY, thy beauty is to me like those Nicean barks of yore. If you share these tender (sic) sentiments, why not find out how to make your ship come in with our American sales organization presenting an intriguing new children's educational program to US military families in Europe? Please send résumé with inquiry to Box 6123.

CIGAR Importers, small family bus. in Market Place, Hampstead Garden Suburb, req. competent secretary s-t. cap. supervising small staff & working on own initiative. 5-day wk. Gen. sal. SPE. 6621.

PART-time rec./telephonist for Medical Assn. W1. 9.30-1.30. Sal. £5. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

CLERK/Interviewer (f), some typing, 23-35, 1-man bus. W. End. Box 6492.

PART-time secretary (f.) for inventor, three afternoons per week. Interest and integrity essential. WES. 1302.

GOING North for the 12th? But to bag a good job, go to 114 Holborn, EC1. Winifred Johnson's Office Staff Bureau (Next door to Gamages) HOL. 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG married couple seek experience in child care for six months, to qualify for Home Office Child Care course. Go anywhere. Box 6524.

HONOURS BA (26) bachelor, urgently seeks any job, to continue reading for bar. Box 6536.

FRENCH: varied tuition & other part-time work by willing, intelligent linguist. For qualifications write: Box 6560.

RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL
Education Committee
BRUNEL COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3
RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP

Applications are invited for a RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP (value £285 p.a. to £400 p.a., according to residence), tenable as from 1 September 1960 or as soon after as possible. Applicants should hold a good Honours Degree in Chemistry or Biology or Physics or Mathematics or Psychology or the Social Sciences and should be qualified to undertake research in one of these fields. Applications from candidates taking a degree this summer would be considered. Preference will be given to graduates qualified to work for a Higher Degree of a University.

The Studentship will be awarded in the first instance for one year, but subject to satisfactory progress may be renewed on an annual basis.

The award will be increased by £100 to £200 where the successful candidate has spent at least two post-graduate years in an approved professional capacity in industry and has reached the age of 23 or 25 years.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Principal and should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

C. F. GURR, MSc, PhD,
Clerk to the Governing Body.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating. Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1 ABBey 2354/5817

COMPETENT Typewriting Service: MSS, theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING, typing MSS. 2s. 1,000. M. Wallis, 13 Sudbury Rd, Halstead, Ex.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8 WES 5809

DUPLICATING, verbatim shorthand, typing (tapes, &c), translating Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd. N.11 ENT 3324

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

ERNA LOW'S SUGGESTIONS FOR LATE HOLIDAYS

There is still a chance to spend a late summer or autumn holiday with one of our parties on Italian Adriatic or Riviera, Costa Brava, Portugal or in Britain (Edinburgh Festival Parties 20 Aug. & 3 Sept., Channel Is., I. of W. & Stratford-on-Avon arrmts). Advance inform. on Winter Sports avail. now. ERNA LOW, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-2.

PHOTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Photravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHICH?' reports on Beer, Exposure Meters, Vacuum Flasks and Geometry Sets, in the August issue. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, WC1.

LABOUR Monthly. Historic Issues Facing Labour, Andrew Rothstein: Cuba & the Crazy Gang, William Gallacher; Crisis in Coal, W. Paynter. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly, Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'A & N' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1

THE Newsletter of 13 Aug. contains the first full on the spot report of the recent crisis in Japan, written by a Japanese socialist. Send 5d. in stamps to The Newsletter, 186 Clapham High St, SW4.

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity: Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR, we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop. W6 RIV 6807.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BUSINESS PRESS BUREAU LTD

We are bursting at the seams . . .

but this minor mishap may be the opportunity for some bright young people to get into worthwhile jobs.

We are the associated company for public relations of Alfred Pemberton Ltd. While our present staff is small, we like to believe that we do more work and get more editorial mentions for our clients than many larger PR outfits. Nevertheless, we cannot add any more burdens to even the remarkable working capacity of our employees, and we need urgently:—

1. *One intelligent young man, who may be a graduate just out of University looking for a promising career. He will find it with us, as the idea is to 'groom' him so that he can in later years, if mutually satisfactory, assume the executive management of the PR division. The requirements are integrity, a gift of expressing himself in good, clear English, the ability to get on with people, and to work a little harder than he thought he could. Given these requirements, experience in PR is not essential.*

2. *On our distaff side, one young assistant of, say, 20/22 years of age, having already had some experience of public relations. Of course, she too should be a bright and willing worker.*

3. *An intelligent junior secretary, who should know how to spell and to type neatly, though high shorthand speeds are not of prime importance.*

In all three cases, we are offering a friendly working atmosphere, good salaries, luncheon vouchers, a five-day week, more than usually long holidays, and steady jobs with excellent prospects.

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OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, WC2.
Box Office Tel.: COVent Garden 1066
15 to 27 August
THE ROYAL BALLET
with Fonteyn, Somes (Final London appearance until December).

29 August to 10 September
ROYAL OPERA STOCKHOLM
A Masked Ball, Flying Dutchman, Aniara, Alcina.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
2 Cycles of 'The Ring.' Seats available for single perfs (1st Cycle only: 16, 21, 26, 30 Sept.).

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Rosebery Avenue, EC1.
Box Office Tel.: TERminus 1672
Evgs 7.30. Mat. Sats 2.30
Sadler's Wells Opera in
MERRIE ENGLAND
Edward German

THEATRES

ARTS TEM. 3334. 8. Thurs., Sat. 5 & 8. 'The Last Angle'. Members.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30. Sun. 4. Witty & naughty. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 8.0. Th. 2.30, S. 5, 8.15. Arnold Wesker's 'I'm Talking About Jerusalem'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'You won't always be on top'. New prod. with music about building workers. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

HENRY WOOD PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30

Tickets: 9s. and 6s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors only.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Sun). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer revivals: Until 14 August: 'Twelve Angry Men' (U); From 15 August: Ealing's 'Whisky Galore' (A).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season. 6 p.m. Comédie Française in Beaumarchais' play 'The Marriage of Figaro' (U) with music by Mozart. 8.30 p.m. Russian Colour Film of Dostoievsky's novel 'The Idiot' (U). Suns. only to 11 Sept. (ex. 21 Aug.) All seats bookable. WAT. 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MASTERS OF MODERN ART - Important Sale Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc. New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE. Illus. catalogue £1. Adm. free. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. Water-Colours and Drawings of Today. 7th Exhibition.

NUDES of Joan Straker - Photography 12-9 Sa Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq. W1

EXHIBITIONS—continued

PICASSO prints by Ganymed from 14s. to £4. Full details of these and other subjects. Catalogue 2s. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Peter Hobbs and Robert Law: work by 2 British Artists. Private view for members and guests 6 p.m., Wed. 17 August.

DRAWINGS by John Ruskin. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 24 Aug., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

PICASSO. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 September. Weekdays 10-8; Suns. 2-8. Admn. 3s. 6d. (Note late openings daily).

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Picasso: Gravures sur Linoleum 1958-60. Until 2 Sept. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960. De Stael: Soulages: Ernst: Manessier: Sutherland: Richards: Nicholson: Reynolds: Wilson; etc. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes 1 Sept.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Summer Exhibition - Recent Acquisitions. 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings by the Australian artist Arthur Boyd. Till 20 August.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Hitchens, Hilton, Frost, Heron, Wynter, Yeats. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Recent paintings by Crozier. Till 30 August, 10-6.

MOLTON Gallery. William Turnbull - Paintings. 10 Aug.-3 Sept. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

CANALETTO Gallery - converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, W9 Tube Warwick Ave. Recent Paintings, Watercolours & Drawings by Phyl Nunn & Eugenie Camp Until 20 August. Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: George Chapman, the Rhondda Suite, etchings of the Rhondda Valley with associated drawings. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 7 Cork Street, W1. REG. 3660.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

The Socialist Labour League
COMMEMORATION MEETING
on the 20th Anniversary of the Assassination of LEON TROTSKY, at 7 p.m. Fri., 19 Aug. 1960 at Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1.
Speakers: Brian Pearce, Harry Wicks, Benita Parry, Ted Knight and others. Chair G. Healy. Recorded speeches of Trotsky in the Revolution of 1917.

FORUM: For Discussion of Problems of Democracy and Socialism in Africa, Asia and Latin America. Next mtg on 'Political Developments in Ceylon since Independence', by D. Greenstreet. 7.30 p.m. Fri. 12 Aug. at 32 Tavistock Sq, WC1. (Tube Russell Sq.)

INDIAN Independence Day: Monday 15 August. Celebration Meeting Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, MP. Folk Songs and Dances, with Music. Tickets 2s. 6d. and 1s., from The India League, 31A John Adam St, WC2. TRA. 6465.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Rosemary Stewart on 'The Place of the Businessman in Society'. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 17 Aug., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

INDIAN Socialist Group London. Rev. Michael Scott on UN Action on South West African Mandate. 5.30 p.m. Saturday, 13 August: Meherally Hostel, 31 Kilburn Park Road, NW6.

SHORT Story Readings. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1. Wed. 17 August at 8 p.m.

TIME'S Circle. Public lecture, 14 Aug. 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

EXHIBITION of the Ancient Druid Order: regalia, photographs, films, slides, exposition; visitors & young people invited Thurs. 18 Aug, 7 p.m. Caxton Hall

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden, Grisons (4,000 ft), Switzerland. Year Course: 3 Oct.-30 June. Three 11-week terms. A modern international study centre inspired by the life and thought of Albert Schweitzer. A balanced education in a democratic community. Courses, in both English and German, on philosophical and sociological problems, religion, ethics and psychology. Language instruction. Arts, literature and sports. Gd gen. educn req. Min. age 18.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by Post for GCE Lond Univ Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess exams. Mod. fees. Prosp (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH191, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894)

SPEAK Spanish. Special week-end crses: conversation, idioms, pronunciation, with tape recorders. Evening classes. Also hol. crses. in Spain. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM 2202.

RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write to Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates and older students six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

RUSSIAN Language & Literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams expec. Degree. Box 6472.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Next Gregg Course: 12 Sept. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Rd, SW7. KEN 4771

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing - Leschetizky Method - Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition BAYswater 1786

SHORTHND/Typg priv tuit Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N 11 ENT 3324

SUMMER SCHOOLS

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

FARMHOUSE School, Wendover, Bucks, situated in beautiful Chiltern countryside. A boarding and day school with a practical approach to educ. where girls run their own farm and take grammar school subjects at GCE levels. Wendover 2297.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship. Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., obtainable from Sec., Wynstones School, Waddon, Glos.

HAPPY, homely, co-educ. Boarding and Holiday School, from 4 years. Long or short periods. Mod. fees. Wilton House School, Bexhill-on-Sea. Bexhill 3408.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

WHERE TO STAY

A FEW vacancies at The Old Tollgate in the quaint old village of Bramber, Sussex. Near Sea. Riding stables adj. Write Brochure. Tel. Steyning 3362.

LOCHNAW Castle. Actually stay in comfortable charming 15th Cent. castle. Quiet & unspoilt but plenty to do in sub-tropical Rhinns of Galloway by Stranraer, also own trout loch and squash-court etc. Good food & hospitality. Leswalt 227.

BOURNEMOUTH, Bourne Bay Hotel, in foremost position West Cliff seafront, magnificent sea views every window. Excel. food, pleas. serv. Car park. From 11 gns. wkly, 35s. daily. Broch. free.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch.: Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. VCA Mems. Tel 308

CORNISH Riviera. Extra accommodation now further restorations are completed in charming Queen Anne Glebe Country House on famous Roseland Peninsular H. & c. Inner springs all beds. Good food and hospitality with mod. tariff. Portscatho 205.

BOURNEMOUTH: Sheldon Grange Hil, Chine Cres. Rd. Recom., 3 mins sea. Lic. Club. Games Rm. Winter accom also.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 33 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch. Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

DERBYSHIRE Peak District. Small Guest House. Own produce. Garage. Hillside Guest House, Hope. Tel. 270.

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RECULVER Lodge (NS), Beltinge, Kent. Vacancies for August. Licensed. Ideal for conferences.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. August cancellations. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country 3½ posted. Victor Hilton, 5 Sundial House, Torquay.

FLORENCE. Sunny rooms in comf. flat. Exquisite cooking; near centre of town. Full pension 2,500 lire. Half pension 2,000 lire. Signora A. Orlandi, Via Benedetto Marcello 57, Firenze, Italy.

WIESBADEN. Hotel Rose. International Hotel, with every comfort; own Thermal Springs; ideal all the year round. - Brochure. Cables: Rosotel.

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